Fitting climax to a turbulent Commonwealth Games

THE benighted 13th Commonwealth Games ended in Edinburgh at the weekend, memorable for all the wrong reasons: the boycott by 1,300 athletes from 31 of the original entry of 58 countries over Britain's policy on South African sanctions; a prospective monumental financial loss; and, above all, for the competitors continuing harsh weather, ranging from gale force winds to thunderstorms, often together.

Squabbles over the administration of the Games continued throughout, with Mr Robert Maxwell, the British newspaper owner who had taken on the task of trying to rescue the finances, announcing at one stage that a Japanese philanthropist, Mr Ryoichi Sasakawa, had said that he would make a substantial contribution after studying the final accounts. There was no offer of financial help from the Prime Minister, Mrs Thatcher, when, in spite of a boycott from the Labour-controlled Edinburgh council, she attended the Games. Her car was pelted with eggs and tomatoes by anti-apartheid demonstrators and most of the athletes had abandoned the games village when she made a tour before watching some of the athletics action.

In the face of all the hassle, the athletes performed nobly, with England leading the table of medal winners. They had 52 golds in their medal tally of 142. Canada were second with 51 medals of a total of 115, while Australia had 40 golds out of 120 medals.

A notable absentee from the final stages of the track events was England's Sebastian Coe, double Olympic medallist, who went down with a virus infection and was unable to compete in the 800 metres and 1500 metres. It left Steve Cram effectively out on his own in both races, hard though the other competitors tried. Another name from the recent past of middle-distance running, Steve Ovett, won a gold medal at his new distance of 5,000 metres, saluting the crowd in the manner of old as he made a characteristic surge in the closing straight. It means that Ovett has a rare set of medals — Olympic 800 metres, World Cup and European 1500 metres, and Commonwealth 5,000.

There was the drama of the renewed confrontation, if that is the word, in the javelin meeting of England's Tessa Sanderson and Fatima Whitbread. They had a bitterly fought final in the Olympic Games in Los Angeles two years ago when Tessa won. Since then, Fatima has dominated their exchanges, but when the chips were down at Edinburgh, Tessa unearthed a Games record throw of 69.80 metres with her penultimate throw to leave Fatima, the leader at 68.54, distressed and beaten once more. Later, Fatima talked of 12 years' work without supreme reward. "I've performed so brilliantly for two years, but the one time I needed a lucky break it didn't come." The pair expect to resume business at the highest level again at the next Olympic Games in two years' time.

Canada took half of the dozen gold medals in boxing, England's squad being next best with five. But the amateur mood of the Games was slightly dented, some felt, by the presence of such leading professional boxing individuals as Mickey Duff, the promoter, and Frank Bruno's manager, Terry Lawless. Bruno chose Edinburgh to announce that he intended to maintain his challenge for the title and the other two were accredited by the BBC. England's amateur manager, Kevin Hickey, was annoyed. "It's mixing up two different sports and two different philosophies."

In a wider sense that was true of the Games as a whole, with the enormous weight of sponsorship hanging around it. Frank Keating,

Alan Dunn sums up the Edinburgh Games

writing in The Guardian, quoted one sponsor talking about the 400 amateur officials who had worked on staging the event: "An amorphous mass of volunteers, 98 per cent of whom had no knowledge or understanding of sports sponsorship."

Keating commented: "So now it is all about sponsorship is it, and not enough to want earnestly to put back into sport what you got out of it in your youth? Balance in sport now is only to do with balancing books. Sport is business and business is business." He also contrasted the role of one amateur official, Mr Colin Shields, a former Scottish AAA president, who gave up holidays to work for the Games, and the decathlon champion, Daley Thompson, who earns £300,000 to advertise somebody's plimsolls and who told Mr Shields to "piss off" when asked to attend a press interview after winning his medal. "When two such worlds collide these days there can be only one winner," said Keating.

Some of the cheeriest moments were at the swimming poolside to greet competitors and winners, including Sarah Hardcastle, who completed a freestyle double; while the bowlers toiled between rainstorms that at one stage flooded the greens with all their accustomary good humour and intense concentration. Dean Woods, of Australia, won cycling's 4,000 metres cycling pursuit gold medal, an event protracted by the sodden track. Australia's Gael Martin took gold in shot and discus and the Australians also won both marathons through Rob de Castella and Lisa Martin. For some, just being a competitor is enough, gold hardly an ambition. For others, like Steven Redgrave in the rowing, gold just pours out. He took three golds in different races, two in one day.

The weather also hit the cricket programme, coming to England's rescue at one stage in the first Test match against New Zealand at Lord's. But the weather went gloomy and at 110 for three there was no further play from mid-afternoon. On the final day Gooch came up trumps with a majestic 183, backed by 42 from Willey, and England eventually declared at 295 for six, leaving New Zealand to score 261 in 60 minutes. New Zealand began for the second time by losing two men without scoring but there were no more alarms and the match was drawn with them on 41 for two. Details: England 307 and 295 for six. New Zealand 342 and 41 for two.

In terms of recent international performances a draw was quite an achievement for England, who responded by making only one change for the second Test at Trent Bridge this week. Gladstone Small, a West Indian-born pace bowler from Warwickshire, is restored for the first time since his first appearance four years ago. It is England's 28th team change of the summer. Ian Botham's return to the side never looked likely, even though his two months' ban from first-class cricket after admitting smoking cannabis had just ended. But his return to the first-class scene could be the spur some of his competitors for an England spot need.

Quarter finals of the knock-out NatWest Trophy dominated domestic cricket, weather forcing the matches to be spread over three days. They resulted in semi-finals of: Surrey v. Lancashire and Worcestershire v. Sussex. Surrey got there by beating Nottinghamshire by 46 runs, thanks to one of their tail-end batsmen, Thomas, who hit 66 when Surrey stood at 92 for six. Surrey went on to 204 for nine, then bowled out Nottinghamshire for 158, of which the New Zealand all-rounder Hadlee had 55, having earlier taken five Surrey wickets for 17 runs. Sussex always had the better of Yorkshire, hitting 213 for seven, then bowling out Yorkshire for 125. Worcestershire beat Warwickshire by eight wickets, hitting 137 for two after dismissing the opposition for 136. In a fairly high scoring game, Lancashire beat Leicestershire by six wickets after Leicestershire had hit 222 for eight. In reply, Fairbrother hit 93 not out of Lancashire's 226 for four.

Craig Stadler, the American golfer known as The Walrus, was pipped in his attempt to retain the Scandinavian Open at Ullna, Sweden, by New Zealand's Greg Turner, brother of the New Zealand Test cricketer, Glenn. Stadler dropped shots at the last three holes to end in a tie on 270 with Turner, who won the sudden death play-off at the first extra hole.

Wayne Gardner, of Australia, dominated the rain-hit British motor cycle 500cc grand prix at Silverstone from Belgium's Didier de Radigues. The championship leader, Eddie Lawson, was third, but as a spectacle the event was spoilt by teeming rain.

GOLF: David Davies on Britain and Ireland's Curtis Cup triumph at Prairie Dunes, Kansas

Match play weakness shatters US

ON the afternoon of the first day of the Curtis Cup Jill Thornhill holed a winning putt on the 15th green in her match against Kim Williams. She turned round to shake hands, only to see her opponent striding smartly up some steps to the next tee.

Bewildered, she consulted the referee. Yes, the match was over, but Williams had to be hailed and informed of that fact before she rather embarrassedly offered her congratulations.

That incident, and a number of others like it, showed no lack of tact on the part of the Americans, just a complete unfamiliarity with match play, a trait that grows more obvious every year.

This year, though, the visiting team managed to exploit it, becoming the first Great Britain and Ireland team of any description to beat the Americans in a competition in the United States. Throughout the entire match of six foursomes and 12 singles they lost the first hole only once, and for the first time in the 54-year history of the Cup it was the Americans who were persistently under pressure.

They did not respond well. It was not one of their stronger sides, but from the moment they lost the first day foursomes 3-0 it was always going to be a struggle for them to get back into the match. In the end the result, 13-5, equalled the second largest winning margin in all the matches, with only the 14½-3½ victory by the Americans in Denver 1982 being greater.

The match this year was a triumph not just for the team but for their captain, Diane Bailey. She was responsible for a detailed preparation in which drink and diet were carefully controlled and although she was not a selector she got the side she wanted. She then spent every available opportunity trying to convince them that they were better golfers than the opposition, a belief based on the Cup match at Muirfield in 1984 which, she felt, should have been won.

How well her campaign succeeded was shown at an emotional presentation ceremony when Judy Bell, the generous American captain, said: "If the LGU have got any sense they will make her the permanent captain." The remark was greeted by loud cheers and fervent clapping by the entire team.

Like Tony Jacklin before her, Mrs Bailey had turned narrow defeat into commanding victory, and Miss Bell, albeit sportingly, reluctantly became the first American golfing captain to go down the path predicted by Lee Trevino after his side had lost at The Belfrey. "I don't feel too bad," he said then, "because there will be more of this to come." He can hardly have imagined it would come so quickly and so devastatingly, and in America.

The outstanding player on either side was the youngest member of the visiting team, Patricia Johnson, who is 20. She played top or second in all four of her matches, won them all, and remained a smiling and gracious competitor. She hits the ball miles, has a good putting touch, and will be a great success as a professional when she chooses to join their ranks. That may not be until the end of next year, and the professionals are not doubt wishing her a long and successful amateur career.

It was fitting that she should hole the winning putt. Great Britain and Ireland leading 6½-2½ after the first day, won the Saturday morning foursomes 2½-½, and so needed only a half point from the final series of six singles. It quickly became obvious that the point was likely to come from Miss Johnson, who was four up after seven holes against the girl who was hailed as the new JoAnne Carner on the American side, Kathleen McCarthy. From the eighth onwards the two girls had a great battle, resolved when Miss Johnson holed a 10-foot putt on the 15th green.

At that moment the Curtis Cup was won, and it needed some believing to accept that there were still five matches on the course.

Jill Thornhill was in one of them, and she holed from 12 feet on the last to halve with Leslie Channon, to take her points total to 3½ out of 4. Lilian Behan and Karen Davies both got three, Belle Robertson and Mary McKenna 1½ and Vicki Thomas and Claire Hourihane one each. No American got more than 1½ points.

But if Miss Johnson had led the way the anchor partnership of Mrs Robertson and Miss McKenna did the team proud at the tail of the foursomes. On both days Mrs Robertson holed substantial putts, one of 30 feet and the other half that, to win vital points for her team. She thought of doing a Greg Norman and taking champagne down to the green at midnight, but the 50-year-old Scots champion, modest as ever, will settle for the flag from the 18th as a memento to take into retirement later this year.

Cricket: John Player League Table

	P	W	L	NR	T	Pts
Hampshire (3)	10	8	1	1	0	34
Northamptonshire (5)	11	8	2	1	0	34
Essex (1)	11	7	3	1	0	30
Nottinghamshire (12)	12	7	4	1	0	30
Yorkshire (6)	10	6	3	1	0	26
Glamorgan (14)	12	6	5	1	0	26
Somerset (10)	11	6	5	0	0	24
Sussex (2)	11	6	5	0	0	24
Kent (10)	11	5	4	1	1	24
Warwickshire (6)	11	4	5	1	1	20
Lancashire (14)	10	4	5	1	0	18
Leicestershire (6)	12	4	7	1	0	18
Derbyshire (4)	10	4	6	0	0	16
Middlesex (12)	11	2	6	2	1	14
Surrey (17)	10	2	6	1	1	12
Worcestershire (16)	11	3	8	0	0	12
Gloucestershire (8)	12	2	9	1	0	10

1985 positions in brackets.

Ian Ridley sees Chicago down Dallas as American Football shines through the London showers

Bears ride Wembley wave

TRADITIONALLY the Dallas Cowboys are America's Team and for many years they have been, for gridiron buffs, Britain's team as well. Not any more.

On Sunday night the Chicago Bears, the Superbowl champions, firmly established themselves as flavour of the month for a public brought up on Channel Four highlights of American Football. Their win over the Cowboys was hugely enjoyed by a knowledgeable and at times frenzied 82,669 crowd.

It rained all day and for much of the game but it dampened nobody's enthusiasm; the anticipatory noise-level was as high as for this year's FA Cup final and the "waves" got better as the night wore on.

These people were not just victims of tabloid hype about the Bears' William "The Refrigerator" Perry. They appreciated the technical aspects of the sophisticated mayhem involved in gaining yardage and a position from which to score touchdowns (six points), conversion (one) or field goal (three).

It was a Bears crowd. More than the Fridge, who may make the game fun but is unlikely to be included into its Hall of Fame, they enjoyed the first-quarter glimpses of the rushing and running of the Bears' Walter Payton, arguably the game's greatest all-round player, and Tony Dorsett for the Cowboys. And they enjoyed, too, the bravery in being prepared to take a tackle, rather than throw the ball away, of the Bears' extrovert quarterback Jim McMahon.

The Bears, who stunningly beat the Cowboys 44-0 last season, dominated the first 30-minute half, scoring two touchdowns. Duerson ran in from 48 yards for the Bears after 5 min 26 sec, pouncing on Hill's fumble; and with just under 2 minutes left The Fridge gave the crowd what they wanted, his celebrated crash-over run from one yard. Butler converted both. When Septien scored a 21-yard field goal in between it was as if Arsenal had scored at Anfield. Butler's 35-yard field goal made it 17-3 at half-time.

White, the Cowboys' quarterback did his best, throwing for 115 yards, but there was no way back in the second-half. Septien did kick a 22-yard field-goal in the third quarter for the Cowboys but with both sides trying out Rookies and second and third strings, and with Dallas beset by errors, the game became an anti-climax.

It was enlivened later on though by the appearance of a male streaker — a bum's rush in American Football parlance perhaps.

"Football is not a contact sport. Dancing is a contact sport, football is a collision sport," Mike Ditka, the Bears' head coach, said last week. It is also a collision of cultures; American excess — both teams had 79 players kitted out — against British reserve, epitomised by cricket. You can enjoy both.

© Guardian Publications Ltd. 1986. Published by Guardian Publications Ltd., 164 Deansgate, Manchester, M60 2RR, for and on behalf of The Guardian and Manchester Evening News P.L.C., 164 Deansgate, Manchester M60 2RR. Typeset by News Photosetting Services Ltd., Skelmersdale, Lancs., and printed by LSG Web Offset, Lincoln. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and mailing offices. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

The Washington Post · Le Monde

35p · Vol. 135 No. 7 Week ending August 17, 1986

The scourge of doing nothing

BRITAIN hasn't got all day to decide if and when it is going to take Aids seriously. The spread of the disease is accelerating. From a solitary reported case in 1979, we have moved to 36 cases in 1983, 58 in 1985 and 179 last year. This year's total will clearly intensify the trend, so that in 1988 there will in all likelihood be a further 2,000 new sufferers, while the total number of people infected rises to 200,000. We have already reached the total which the United States reached in mid-1982. They now have around 20,000 recorded cases and at least a million people infected. Britain as a whole is lagging about four years behind America. Within this country, the provinces are about three years behind London. But that doesn't give us very long. The latest issue of the British Medical Journal (hardly your average scaremongering tabloid) put things as vividly as they could. "If the numbers affected continue to rise," said a BMJ editorial, "within five to six years the deaths each month in Britain alone will be equivalent to the crash of a fully loaded jumbo jet."

Disaster on such a scale is not inevitable. The jumbo jets have not even taken off yet. But the passengers are boarding them in growing numbers. That is why the man in

Report, page 4

the control tower, Health Minister Mr Barney Hayhoe, is being subjected to fresh volleys of criticism for the inadequacy of the Government's preventative measures against Aids. There are two main defects in the existing health education programme. It is too small and it is too narrow. This year, the Department of Health is spending £5.8 million on Aids, more than half of it on treatment. This leaves just over £2 million for public education. In advertising budget terms, this is plainly insufficient. There has not been a comprehensive campaign, district health authorities have not been mobilised, and London has not been given the extra help that it needs. Two weeks ago, the independent College of Health said that Mr Hayhoe needs to increase the Aids education budget for next year to £61 million, half of it to go on national publicity campaigns. Such sums are not out of place, given the importance of changes in behaviour in the prevention of Aids. Compared with the treatment bill which will otherwise be coming the NHS's way in a very few years' time, it is even cheap at the price. Mr Hayhoe was wrong to react so petulantly to the criticism in an interview last week. It is important that he should think again.

Part of that rethink, though, must be a broadening of the message about Aids. Public opinion surveys show that people are keenly aware of the disease's existence and power, but that they mistakenly believe that Aids is simply a "gay plague," as Fleet Street has dubbed it. That is not true, and it is important to get that message across. It is important because non-homosexuals are at risk, too. Important because Aids is avoidable by homosexuals, as it is by others. Important, too, because it is essential to scotch the growing belief that Aids prevention is being neglected because homosexuals are unpopular. A government which is prepared to pour cash into public information campaigns about the dangers of heroin (in this context a much more ambiguous campaign than anything about Aids) ought to be prepared to mount a campaign about the health dangers of condomless anal sex. Which does the Department of Health and Social Security prefer? Ruffled sensibilities or avoidable deaths?

The fool's errand of SDI

THE talks in Moscow this week between Soviet and American arms control specialists may well turn out to be crucial to the entire process. This is not one of the routine sessions, which are currently in recess from Geneva, and it is being held at a time of year when most of those doing the talking would expect to be otherwise engaged. The occasion is almost certainly the letter sent by President Reagan to Mr Gorbachev on July 25, parts of which have been extensively leaked but the totality of which has yet to be published. In this he is reported to have linked a deep cut in nuclear arsenals with an offer not to depart from the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty (ie, not to deploy his space-based Strategic Defence Initiative) for seven years. The second of these clauses looks decidedly disingenuous because the head of the SDI programme, Lieutenant-General Abrahamson, had stated a few days before Mr Reagan wrote that the system could not be deployed for at least a decade. But Washington officials have been concerned to emphasise that Mr Reagan was not making a take-it-or-leave-it proposal and was open to negotiation. If successful the current talks will smooth the way to a Reagan-Gorbachev summit in the United States after the mid-term elections. For different reasons both sides need something on paper: Mr Gorbachev to relieve his economy, Mr Reagan to gain the historical niche he so much wants as the man who went the extra mile.

Taken literally, Mr Reagan's offer to abide by the ABM Treaty for seven years is a seven-year notice to end it, because the treaty is of unlimited duration. It is doubtless Mr Richard Perle's role at the Moscow talks to bring that point home, because he is restless under the ABM restraints. However, Mr Shultz promised the European allies last year that the US would remain within a restrictive reading of the ABM treaty (ie, it would not conduct space tests of its new equipment), and that promise is firmly on the record. Having taken advice from his own scientists, Mr Gorbachev may well have concluded that SDI is not the threat it originally appeared to be.

The first Soviet reaction, which was entirely reasonable, was that it is idle to distinguish between offensive and defensive systems because the defensive allows the offensive to be used with impunity. Mr Gorbachev may now have concluded, along with many other sceptics, that the SDI is a fantasy and will not seriously be deployed at all. To that extent he is relieved of the need to respond to it. But its fantastical properties do not render it safe. Even if only parts of the system are eventually deployed the scope for error within its vastly complicated and basically uncontrollable computer banks makes it decidedly unsafe. The war-to-peace decision is left in the hands of microchips. But, thinks Gorbachev to himself, Reagan won't be here and I shall. Star Wars *will* become negotiable.

An important decison here confronts the European governments. All were sceptical about Star Wars, many believing that it would simply usher in an arms race of a wholly new kind. Several, including Britain, swallowed those doubts when the virtually limitless budget sustaining the programme was dangled before their eyes. Money talked then in a big way. But it isn't talking very loudly now. The Senate is not going to part with billions to foreign research establishments, and the Pentagon and the US defence contractors are not going to have their commercial secrets bandied about the world. Senator Glenn's amendment providing that contracts be placed in the US unless the work cannot be done there has effectively ditched any serious European contribution to the SDI. The European governments are left looking like a millionaire's family who learn that all the money has gone to the cats' home. Perhaps now they will have the courage of their earlier convictions and decide that the SDI has sent them on a fool's errand after all.



Questions of immorality

THE British Government appears to be heading at a snail's pace to implement the "immediate" voluntary ban on British investment and tourism in South Africa which Mrs Thatcher offered Commonwealth leaders last week as her reluctant contribution towards sanctions against apartheid. The Foreign Office made it clear that the Government was not likely to announce any guidance for British firms for another month or six weeks.

Immediately after the conference, Mrs Thatcher, who earlier described sanctions as ineffective and immoral, maintained that the measures which Britain would take with other EEC countries would have more effect than the sanctions which the other Commonwealth countries are now committed to promote. It is not clear whether she thinks her measures are very immoral because of the impact she says they will have, or only a teeny-weeny bit immoral because they are less than others wanted. She is to receive the freedom of the town of Tongaat in Natal for her "courageous stand", Reuter reported.

What to do with the Gurkhas?

THE Ministry of Defence investigation into the affray which led to the dismissal of 111 Gurkha riflemen sounds like an idea whose time has come. The Gurkhas, to judge by a series of recent unrelated events, appear to be getting restless. Apart from the brawl after an exercise in Hawaii which led to the dismissal of almost an entire company, four Gurkha soldiers are on trial at Isleworth Crown Court for allegedly smuggling heroin through Heathrow (which they deny). And, in the far north of India, a Gurkha National Liberation Front seems to have sprung fully armed from the soil of West Bengal to confront Mr Gandhi with yet another outbreak of intercommunal violence.

The greatest shock to sentiment in some quarters in Britain is naturally the attack on a British major at a drinks party and then on the Gurkha captain who came to his defence. The Gurkhas chose to show total silence and solidarity against authority at the official inquiry. Dismissing a whole company out of hand rather than imposing a more traditional general punishment seems excessive, and MoD comments about there being no shortage of replacements sound positively offensive. Indeed, we may wonder whether such a step would have been taken against a whole company in an ordinary British regiment.

But there is a more fundamental issue to which the Governemnt should address itself without delay. The British Army has six Gurkha battalions, four in Hong Kong, one in Brunei and one here. They are relics of the Indian Empire, who have handsomely repaid their extremely modest keep from 1815 to the Falklands campaign. Their remittances home are Nepal's second-largest source of foreign exchange. But when Hong Kong reverts to China, what is to become of the last sepoys of the Raj, which by then will have been dead for half a century?

One unprecedented brawl is small change indeed compared with the extraordinarily honourable record of Britain's Gurkhas: 43,000 dead in British service in two world wars and 26 VCs. But sending them on exercise to faraway Hawaii was obviously no success, and finding them something to do on the still more alien plains of North Germany or even Salisbury after the Far East commitments end is not going to be easy. They would surely feel more at home with their fellow-countrymen in today's Indian Army, which has much more obvious uses for natural light infantrymen with jungle and tropical experience. It is possible to detect in the various present troubles of the Gurkhas a sudden overexposure to the late 20th century. They can hardly be blamed if this upsets them. Britain should be preparing a handsome golden handshake for the Gurkhas on leaving Hong Kong in 1997. It would be unforgivable to spring it on them when it is so obvious now that the parting of the ways is coming.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Caesium blowing in the wind

David Gilbert asks (Letters, August 3) if there has been any research into the agricultural consequences of Chernobyl as it affects the UK. As research workers who have studied over the last six years pathways of radionuclides into crops, after simulated hypothetical reactor accidents, we feel qualified to answer some of the questions posed.

The pathways of the three caesium isotopes through the environment are identical, but differences in concentration will occur with time due to the widely varying half-lifes (^{137}Cs: 30 years; ^{134}Cs: 2 years; ^{136}Cs: 14 days). It is true that caesium becomes locked into the soil and increasingly unavailable to plants with time. Our experiments have shown that two years after application to the surface of four different types of soil, between 98 per cent and 99.8 per cent is no longer available for direct uptake into plants.

In general, less caesium is taken up from soils with a high content of clay or organic matter, than those which are sandy. We have grown wheat to maturity from sowing in soils freshly contaminated with 1,000 times higher levels of caesium-137 than were deposited in this country as a result of the Chernobyl accident.

On the basis of the amount of radioactivity found in the grain after harvesting these plants, we predict that in the hypothetical case of a person eating 3kg of bread a week made from British wheat sown immediately after deposition of radioactivity from Chernobyl, they would receive only one-three-thousandth of the annual permissible dose from all sources of caesium-137.

Fortunately for the bread-eaters, there is a partial barrier within the plant to movement of caesium to grain, where concentrations are much lower than in the straw.

However, clearly this protective factor does not apply to straw and other animal feeds. In this case it will be necessary for the National Radiological Protection Board to calculate the dose to animals arising from contaminated hay, straw and silage used as feed in winter.

As David Gilbert points out, some caesium may be resuspended on soil particles blown by the wind (or as a result of rain-splash, which may contaminate aerial parts of plants). This also occurs during the harvesting process, and its importance is little understood, but is the subject of current investigation by one of our research students.

The processes by which radioactive material deposited on to the leaves may subsequently be removed are also poorly understood, but wash-off by rain is not the only factor concerned. This is another area of our current research, which shows that losses occur under completely dry conditions.

There are, indeed, large discrepancies between different measurements of the amounts of caesium that can be removed from the surface of foliage by washing or by natural phenomena, and we are in the early stages of a major investigation into these, using a specially designed wind-tunnel supported by funds from the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, the EEC, and the CEGB.

(Dr) J. N. B. Bell,
(Dept. of Pure & Applied Biology),
(Miss) M. J. Minski,
Reactor Centre,
Imperial College
at Silwood Park,
Ascot, Berkshire.

Should expatriates have the vote?

Mr Tebbit is reported to be rounding up all expatriates to gather in their votes at the next election. Apart from the fact that genuine patriots should not need to be coerced into voting, why on earth should expatriates be allowed to vote at all?

Far the greatest majority of them have left Britain for one or both of two reasons only. The first and most important to them is tax avoidance combined with much higher pay. The second is that they genuinely prefer to live in some other country. In no way do they contribute willingly to any function which is of this country.

Mr Tebbit said there could be enough of them, mainly Conservatives, to turn an election result. By what right have such people the privilege of ordaining who shall govern Britain?

If they want a vote here they should pay taxes here, or wait until they retire and take up residence. Those that pay nothing should receive nothing.

John L. Shaw,
North Petherton,
Somerset.

An outcast in Natal

Joy Richardson ends her letter on South Africa (July 20): "All we get from the majority of Western nations is false reporting, criticism, threats and hindrance to our progress towards reform."

Having recently moved to Natal from the homeland of Transkei, that fragile and insecure region now seems like a sanctuary of human possibilities in comparison to what surrounds us here.

Three months ago we became adoptive parents to a Transkeian child aged four, who happens to be black. Here in reformist South Africa, we have been unable to find any playschool that will accept her. Here in reformist Natal we applied for family membership of the local sports club only to be told that our application could not be considered as our youngest child had the wrong colour skin. There would, we were told, be an outcry if a black child swam in the same pool as the whites.

On writing to the club to express my dismay and sadness, I asked whether there was any way in which I could be expected to discourage the international sports boycott against South Africa in the face of such blatant racism. Here in reformist South Africa, I have had no reply.

(Rev) Edgar Ruddock,
Dept. of Training,
Anglican Diocese of Zululand,
Mandini, Natal.

Sanctions never work, Mrs Thatcher? Long memory, eyes tight shut. New Zealand has just been forced to hand back two convicted murderers to France, having vowed she never would. Why? France applied sanctions to New Zealand products.

C. G. Tilney,
Toronto, Canada.

Price of alienating the Commonwealth

In the current debate over South Africa, there has been inadequate attention given to the cost to this country, in political, strategic and economic terms if we alienate black Africa, the Arabs and the remainder of the "Third World." Indeed, much of the reasoning that has gone into the formulation of our present policy with regard to Africa appears to be based on doubtful premises.

The first misconception is that majority rule in South Africa would inevitably lead to an incursion of the USSR to fill a political vacuum. This is naive. Marxism in Africa is a temporary phenomenon that has arisen as a reaction to colonial rule. If we alienate Africa and the Commonwealth it is much more likely that we shall see a realignment of countries in Africa, Asia and the East to form a new power block in the southern hemisphere. The division, if it occurs, would be between "the white nations" of the northern hemisphere, against "black and coloured populations" in the southern hemisphere, with Australia and New Zealand represented as isolated pockets of Western influence.

Such an eventuality would certainly represent a threat to stability in the West because the countries in such a coalition control many of the raw materials necessary for the preservation of Western industry and culture. Without them, Britain and Europe could emerge as the deprived nations in a new world order. It would also produce some surprising realignments, with Britain and Europe linked to the USSR through economic necessity.

The second fallacy is the belief that white supremacy can be preserved by the army and police in South Africa and that the problem can be contained indefinitely simply by introducing a few cosmetic changes to improve living conditions for black South Africans. Anyone who has studied events which preceded independence in Kenya, Algeria and Rhodesia, will know that such a view is absurd.

Consequently, support for Pretoria by pursuing a policy of non-interference, would at best secure British economic interest in South Africa for about 5-8 years. However, to do so means that we eventually forfeit Britain's economic and political influence in that part of the world to an emerging China and the East.

Clearly it is in our interest to keep the Commonwealth together and for Britain to regain the respect and confidence which it once enjoyed among African nations. This can only occur if Britain is seen to act once again as a world power that uses its influence wisely and decisively to bring about significant change to the political order in South Africa. In practical terms this can only be achieved peacefully through business and economic pressure. The alternative is through revolution and civil war.

Whatever political measure is eventually taken we must accept that it is likely to be unpalatable and painful to business and industry in the UK. The situation has been aptly summarised by Mr Malcolm Frazer, the former Prime Minister of Australia and Member of the Eminent Persons Group:

"Substantial sanctions remain the only practical alternative. It is not a question of slowly applying pressure on South Africa. A good, hard body-blow is needed to jolt the whites (and all business interests in South Africa and the West) into realisation that their world will be destroyed if the legitimate rights of the blacks are not recognised now. Only then will they exercise adequate pressure on their government."

A prime duty of any British government, whatever its political affiliation, must be to pursue a policy that is most likely to secure Britain's long-term economic stability.

In formulating its foreign policy vis à vis the "Third World" the Government should be wary not to rely too heavily on guidance given by business interests on what policies would yield the best results for Britain and long-term economic security. Business forecasts and policies rarely extend beyond five years. It is therefore up to governments and statesmen to take the broader view.

Although current diplomatic ventures have failed miserably to make an impact on Pretoria, it is not too late for Britain to regain the initiative. If now Mrs Thatcher has to change course, she should do so decisively to show Britain's full commitment to the new policy, and at the same time pay heed that firm steps are taken to discourage other countries from moving in to replace British interests.

(Prof) John Cronly-Dillon,
Bramhall, Cheshire.

In memory of a good name in football

As the world's footballing elite stood for a minute's silence prior to the FIFA match between the Americas and the Rest of the World, it was a certainty that the American cameras would seek out perhaps the only player (with the possible exception of Jennings) who would have been chosen in such an elite whatever era he had played in.

The cameras did not disappoint and as they picked out Diego Maradona I was filled with the need to right an injustice and record a more personal loss than that for which Mr Maradona was barely attempting to stand still.

The minute's silence was, of course, football's mark of respect for the late Sir Stanley Rous, a giant figure in the game whose achievements were many but who has wrongly been attributed by many commentators with having invented the so called "diagonal" system of refereeing, whereby the two linesmen take up position in opposite corners of the pitch, leaving the referee to run the game from the middle, assured that two officials are in line to see every incident.

The true inventor of this system was Major George Hamilton-Jones, who as Captain G. H. Jones was a league referee of great distinction between the wars, and who, sadly, died recently at the age of 92.

The major, who lived next door to my childhood home in south London, therefore invented a system of refereeing which was seen to fail by millions when Maradona "batted" the ball past a bewildered Shilton and paved the way for Argentina's (nevertheless deserved) victory against England in the World Cup. The only people fooled, it seemed, were the referee and his nearer linesman. The system had failed, though, because of the weakness of the officials in charge of the game, not through any inherent weakness of its own.

Such weakness displayed by those in charge has been used by some who feel that Maradona's great fame and popularity with the crowd had blinded them.

This view would have been met with disdain by the referee Captain G. H. Jones for whom big names were as nothing when it came to tampering with laws or the spirit of the game. He told me he once sent off the great Billy Wright, captain of England and Wolverhampton Wanderers, because he looked as if he was *going* to lose his temper.

He once quietened Elland Road by offering his arm to a vociferous woman in the crowd and taking her to the grandstand where, over a cup of tea at half time, he explained to her the rules of off-side.

These are incidents typical of the man and of an era now past. As the FIFA game entered the undignified commercialism of the penalty shoot-out I was moved to thinking that a sport owing much to George Hamilton-Jones, and of course, Sir Stanley Rous, is in itself in need of a minute's silence.

Christopher Ashley,
Mayfield Gardens,
Brentwood, Essex.

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

August 17, 1986 Vol. 135 No. 7

Letters to the Editor and other editorial correspondence to: The Guardian Weekly, PO Box 19, Cheadle, Cheshire, SK8 1DD, England.

Subscription enquiries to the Circulation Manager, The Guardian Weekly, 164 Deansgate, Manchester, M60 2RR, England.

Advertisement enquiries to the Advertisement Manager, The Guardian Weekly, 119 Farringdon Road, London, England.

Gold through $400 mark

By Christopher Huhne

THE GOLD bugs were out in force on Monday as the precious metal posted showed gains of nearly $25 an ounce at one time and surged in Asian trading over the $400 mark, which some market participants hold to be an important psychological level, for the first time in more than two years.

One of the reasons given by some dealers for the rise was fears that South Africa might impose a precious metals embargo. Others dismissed the notion and pointed instead to technical buying as speculators who had promised to deliver gold they had not yet bought in the hope of lower prices rushed in to buy and cover their costs.

The day's trading on the markets appeared to have been fired in part by the enthusiasm for platinum, another precious metal which can set the pace for gold. American rumours that the South Africans might embargo the export of platinum sent the price soaring to a peak of $565 an ounce before falling back to close at $540 in Zurich.

South Africa produces around 80 per cent of the world's platinum, and the demand for the precious metal is more reliably industrial than the demand for gold, and stocks are lower. The Republic also produces about half the world's regular gold supply. In Johannesburg, South African gold shares soared to touch new records.

Petrol dearer

By James Erlichman

SHELL, Britain's second-largest petrol retailer, increased the price by 7p a gallon on Monday.

The company claimed that competition at the forecourt "has now gone too far". It warned that it might try to put prices up again within weeks if Opec's new production cuts succeeded in keeping crude oil at the higher level of $13 a barrel.

But there was no rush from the other big petrol retailers to increase their forecourt prices in line with Shell's.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Sterling Rates August 11	Previous Closing Rates
Australia	2.4345-2.4385	2.4235-2 4245
Austria	21.48-21.53	21.50-21.56
Belgium	63.12-63.31	63 12-63.31
Canada	2.0553-2.0590	2.0403-2.0441
Denmark	11.42-11.44	11.41-11.44
France	9.90-9.92	9.90-9.92
Germany	3.052-3.058	3.04-3.05
Hong Kong	11.50-11.52	11.49-11 51
Ireland	1.1013-1.1023	1.0971-1.0981
Italy	2,099-2,103	2,096-2,100
Japan	228.01-228.39	226.92-227.30
Netherlands	3.43-3.44	3.435-3.439
Norway	10.89-10.91	10.86-10.87
Portugal	214.74-216.37	215.20-216 83
Spain	198.27-198.55	198.62-198.90
Sweden	10.27-10 28	10.23-10.26
Switzerland	2.455-2.459	2.45-2.46
USA	1.4840-1.4850	1.4740-1.4750
ECU	1.4487-1.4505	1.4479-1.4497

FT 30 Share Index 1228·7 Gold $387

Loyalists 'invade' the Irish Republic

EVENTS in Northern Ireland took a new and ugly turn last week when Loyalist mobs took to the streets and engaged in battle with the police on both sides of the border. And more trouble can be expected if the Westminster Government presses on, as expected, with a series of controversial measures designed to reassure Catholics in the North that the Anglo-Irish Agreement is working. The trouble began when about 150 masked men waving cudgels took over the republican border village of Clontibret in the early hours of the morning. They sealed it off with a series of road blocks, daubed slogans on an unmanned police hut and beat up two policemen who tried to intervene. The mob scattered when police reinforcements arrived but Mr Peter Robinson, deputy leader of the Democratic Unionist Party and a Westminster MP, was arrested and charged with assaulting two policemen and taking part in an unlawful assembly.

There was rioting the following night when Loyalists attacked the Royal Ulster Constabulary after they had been forbidden to march through the Ulster village of Keady, which is mainly Catholic-populated. The mob hurled petrol bombs and the police replied with plastic bullets. Mr Robinson arrived in triumph from 40 hours in custody in County Monaghan and addressed a crowd of 2,000.

The Clontibret adventure was ostensibly designed to demonstrate

Route taken by Loyalists
N. IRELAND
Portadown
Armagh
Tandragee
Keady
Newry
Clontibret
Monaghan
REP. OF IRELAND
10 Miles

English football clubs were banned from European competition after the Heysel Stadium disaster two years ago, but any hope that the behaviour of their followers had improved was dashed when about 150 supporters of Liverpool, Everton, Manchester United and West Ham attacked each other with bottles, knives and fire hoses on the Harwich-Hook of Holland ferry. More fighting broke out in Amsterdam, and there is now a real prospect that English clubs will be banned from European friendly fixtures as well.

Industry generally is still enjoying an impressive profits boom, which most forecasters are expecting to continue into next year. But

The Week in Britain by James Lewis

the laxity of border security, but most observers saw it as another attempt by Mr Robinson to undermine the authority of the Rev Ian Paisley, undisputed leader of the Loyalists for 20 years, while he was on a preaching tour of the United States. Mr Paisley has always stopped — just — short of advocating violence, but Mr Robinson, now 37, feels no such constraint and has taken advantage of the opposition to the Anglo-Irish Agreement to peddle a more militant strategy.

Mr Paisley, who cut short his visit to the States and returned to Belfast, said he would accompany Mr Robinson to Dundalk in the Republic on Thursday to answer his charges. Expressing full support for the actions of his deputy, Mr Paisley said: "I think it would be a very good idea to have another incursion." Mr Robinson had merely done what he, Mr Paisley, had trained him to do. He would have done the same himself.

The Anglo-Irish deal was thought to be responsible for the IRA death threat to anyone working with or supplying the security forces in Northern Ireland. Four civilians have already been killed because of their connections with the security forces, and a number of construction firms and suppliers have withdrawn from their contracts because of the threats.

The Northern Ireland Office is now working on a contingency plan to bus workers from safe Protestant areas to work on police and army construction and maintenance contracts. Another idea is that civilian volunteers should be brought from mainland Britain and billeted in secure army accommodation while they are working on security-related building contracts.

While the sectarian mobs were slugging it out in Northern Ireland, football supporters resumed their loutishness by engaging in a drunken brawl aboard a ferry taking them to pre-season "friendly" matches on the Continent.

a few profit figures which, though not bad, were not as good as expected, and the refusal of the Monopolies Commission to allow GEC to bid for Plessey was enough to knock 56 points off the Financial Times share index.

The Prime Minister, Mrs Thatcher, went into hospital for an hour-long operation to correct Dupuytren's contracture, which was pulling her little finger into the palm of her hand. The Queen also paid an early morning visit to the National Heart Hospital in London for a heart monitoring test. "There was nothing wrong, and therefore no results" said a palace press spokesman rather sniffily. "It's a non-story."

Non-story or not, the press was interested and reported on Tuesday that the Queen has nipped up a Scottish lighthouse in a final, pre-holiday engagement which might have been designed to allay fears about her health. Great attention was focused on the 152 granite steps of the lighthouse at Ardnamurchan Point, in Argyll. "Exercise of this severity, even when taken slowly at the age of 60, is a very good indication of good health," said Dr David Matthews, of the British Heart Foundation. "Many people half her age would not have managed so well. She seems to have passed the test with flying colours."

Mrs Thatcher went to considerable lengths to persuade the press that the rumoured rift between her and her party chairman, Mr Norman Tebbit, was also a non-story. The party chairman is undoubtedly still one of the Prime Minister's stoutest supporters, but they are thought to have drifted apart over the Westland affair, over the scheme to sell Land-Rover to General Motors and, latterly, over the choice of an advertising agency for the party's general election campaign. But, said Downing Street sources, there was no question of Mr Tebbit's relinquishing or resigning from the chairmanship.

The Roman way with sports hooligans

By Richard Boston

WHEN times are bad it is always comforting to turn to The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. It is a pity that so many people are put off Gibbon's great work by its undoubtedly daunting size. But Gibbon is immensely readable and often extremely funny, especially in the footnotes.

Gibbon's vast canvas enables us to see the events of today in the perspective of centuries, and what we find is that nothing very much has changed. Indeed, contrary to those who are always going on about the decline in moral values and social standards of behaviour, things in the olden days were, if anything, even more bloody awful than they are now.

On the day that a ship had to turn back on the way to Holland on account of the riotous behaviour of English soccer louts, I happened to be reading the late Sir Osbert Lancaster's book Sailing to Byzantium, in which he refers to the Nika riots of 532 AD. His account sent me back to his source, Gibbon.

Then, as now, sportsmen were extravagantly rewarded. Charioteers in Constantinople earned as much as an advocate, profits which (says Gibbon) "must be considered the effects of popular extravagance, and the high wages of a disgraceful profession." The factions supporting the opposing teams adopted constrasting appearances, just like Mods and Rockers, or punks and skinheads, or rival football fans. The main ones in Constantinople were the Greens and the Blues (who shaved the front of their heads and let their hair grow long at the back).

The hippodrome in which the contest took place makes our football stadia look positively pacific. At a religious festival during the reign of Anastasius, the Greens massacred 3,000 Blues. "The sportive distinction of two colours produced two strong and irreconcilable factions, which shook the foundations of the feeble government."

Justinian's first edict announced his intention to support the innocent and punish the guilty, whatever their colour. This did nothing to prevent riots in which churches were destroyed and a large hospital was burnt down, with its patients inside. Hagia Sophia and many great churches were in ruins, and much of the city was burnt to the ground. The watchword of the factions was Nika, vanquish, and indeed it looked very much as though Justinian was about to be vanquished.

He panicked and would have been finished if Theodora, "The prostitute whom he raised from the theatre, had not renounced the timidity as well as the virtues of her sex." She gave her husband a tremendous pep-talk, as a result of which the palace guards, under the command of Belisarius, burst into the hippodrome on the opposing Blues and Greens, and slaughtered the lot of them.

Gibbon says that "it is computed that above 30,000 persons were slain in the merciless and promiscuous carnage of the day." The hippodrome was closed for a while. Then "with the restoration of the games, the same disorders revived and the Blue and Green factions continued to afflict the reign of Justinian, and to disturb the tranquility of the Eastern Empire."

Thus Justinian learned, more than 14 centuries ago, that (in Osbert Lancaster's laconic words) "as other civilisations have discovered to their cost, sporting enthusiasm is apt to lead to a bitter partisanship markedly anti-social in its effects."

Health Minister scorns doctors on Aids

By Peter Hildrew

THE Health Minister, Mr Barney Hayhoe, last week effectively told doctors to mind their own business after a leading article in the British Medical Journal had criticised the Government's Aids education campaign as "unimaginative and of little impact."

The journal said that the Government would be justified in spending £300 million a year on publicity, instead of the £2 million planned this year, if this changed behaviour and slowed the spread of the disease, as it has in San Francisco.

But Mr Hayhoe said in a television interview that when he needed media advice he would get it from his public relations, not from doctors. He also defended the Government's newspaper advertising campaign earlier this year, although agencies working to combat Aids feel that it was not sufficiently simple or explicit.

The latest figures from the Government's communicable diseases surveillance centre show that 465 people have now contracted Aids in Britain, and 234 of them have died. The total jumped by 76 last month, but the Department of Health and Social Security attributed this to late reporting rather than an unexpected surge in cases.

But the number is inexorably rising, and the unsigned BMJ article warns that in the USA, where the total reached 400 in mid-1982 it is now 20,000. At least one million Americans are now infected, compared with the DHSS estimate of 2,000 in Britain. A recent conference suggested that 180,000 Americans would die of the disease over the next five years.

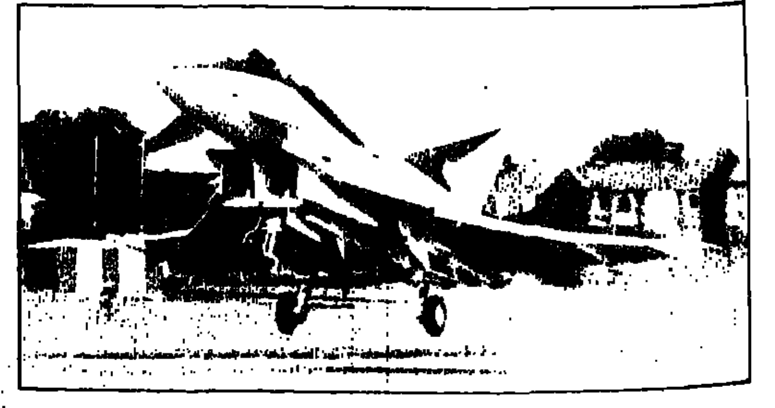
"We in Britain have a chance now to act, profiting from experience in the US, but time is running out," the BMJ says. Despite the publicity, it says, misconceptions about the disease abound, and many people still seem to believe that it affects only homosexuals.

In Britain, 13 women have contracted Aids and seven of them have died. In reality, the BMJ says, Aids is a risk for anyone who is sexually active, including the "innocent" partners of the promiscuous. "Health education has to be explicit. You may catch Aids from anyone with who you have heterosexual or homosexual intercourse, and the risk is reduced by using a condom."

The politicians, the journal adds, need to be persuadedthat with the hindsight of history this government may be judged by its reaction to the epidemic. Otherwise, in five or six years the deaths each month will be equivalent to the crash of a fully laden jumbo jet.

Dr John Dawson, under-secretary at the British Medical Association, said that the Government's own medical advisers were extremely worried. But ministers were not facing up to the problem because it chiefly affected groups such as homosexuals and drug abusers, whom they did not like very much. Advertising had to concentrate on practical details and that meant mentioning the "nasty details".

The Terence Higgins Trust, which offers advice on Aids, said last week that the Government would save millions of pounds in future health care costs if a few hundred thousands pounds were spent now on effective publicity to combat the disease.



The fighter's maiden flight.

Euro-fighter prototype unveiled

By David Fairhall

THE experimental British forerunner to the European Fighter Aircraft took to the air for the first time last week from British Aerospace's Warton airfield in Lancashire.

At the controls, but linked to a computer because this new breed of aircraft is so sensitive that it cannot be flown directly by a human being, was Mr David Eagles. "Superb," he said as he climbed out of the cockpit. "Remarkably agile and yet very easy to fly. What any fighter pilot would want. I wish we were building 800, not just one."

Known as the EAP (Experimental Aircraft Programme), it has been built by British Aerospace with some Italian participation and a nominal German input. The main new technologies will be embodied in the four-nation European Fighter Aircraft (EFA or Eurofighter) Britain is planning to build with Germany, Italy and Spain.

Delta-winged, with small moving foreplanes alongside the cockpit, the EAP flew round Warton, slowing down to lower its undercarriage, carried out some manoeuvres with stresses up to four times the force of gravity, and accelerated to supersonic speed at 30,000 feet over the Irish Sea.

The first flight, delayed for two days by bad weather, and earlier by a strike at the Warton plant, eventually lasted for 67 minutes. The engineers said afterwards that they hoped to take the aircraft to the Farnborough air show in September.

The extreme agility which is at the heart of the European air forces' requirement for a new fighter is achieved by deliberate aerodynamic instability, which in turn means that only a computer can operate fast enough to anticipate and control the plane's immediate responses. Working through the computer, the pilot has an easier time than if he were flying manually, but if it were to fail he would have to eject immediately.

THE GUARDIAN, August 17, 1986

British security forces on full alert

By Gareth Parry and Jim Muir

BRITISH security services have been put on full alert against the threat of an Arab terrorist attack. Although intelligence reports gathered since the Government gave active support to the American bombing raids on Libya indicate a broad range of targets, including VIPs, it is believed that it is the country's main airports and its airlines which are most threatened.

This fear is reinforced by the fact that airport security devices such as "sniffers" and X-ray scanners are incapable of reliably detecting the latest "state of the art" explosives known to be in the hands of terrorists, including the Gadafy regime.

In an apparent acknowledgment of this gap in security the Government has ordered that all single people belonging to any one of 10 Arab countries, should be carefully searched with their baggage when departing or passing through Heathrow and Gatwick on international flights. The countries involved are Libya, Lebanon, Jordan, Algeria, Morocco, Yemen, Tunisia, Syria, Iran and Iraq.

The order came into effect two days before the Commonwealth Conference was due to open, as intelligence reports stressed that a Libyan-inspired attack on a British person, property or interest was imminent. There had been an uneasy quiet since the failed attempt to place a bomb on an El Al jet at Heathrow on April 18.

But when the attack came it was 2,000 miles away — in Cyprus. Terrorists attacked the British sovereign base at Akrotiri with rockets, mortar and small arms fire. The Government in Nicosia has denied a rightwing newspaper report that six pro-Libyan terrorists had carried out the attack and were smuggled out of Cyprus on an unscheduled Libyan Air flight.

It is now apparent that the attack carried out against the base was considerably more impressive in scale than the authorities at first admitted. A salvo of 60mm mortar rounds hit the married quarters, wounding Eileen Malpass, aged 32, an NCO's wife. Another service wife, 25-year-old Sandra Edwards, was wounded when a barrage of rockets, grenades, and small-arms fire struck the windsurfing club.

Almost as worrying for both the Cypriot and British authorities was the fact that the assailants were able to deploy such bulky weaponry on an island where security is normally regarded as good.

The dilemma for the military authorities is that, while the strictly military elements of the bases can be fairly well protected, many other facilities and personnel are more vulnerable.

If the bases were to come under a standing terrorist threat and such draconian security measures became necessary, the presence of the bases could become a hot issue for the Cypriot government, which has hitherto — for many good reasons — tolerated what in many ways is an extraordinary anomaly.

Were it not for the heat of the Mediterranean summer, the neat houses lining streets with names like Waterloo Road and Kensington Avenue would look more like an up-market council estate in Aylesbury than part of Cyprus. They have their own shops, schools, churches, cinemas, clubs, beaches, police force and radio stations. They are home to 4,000 British servicemen and their families. Unique in the world, they were ceded by treaty as British sovereign territory when Cyprus became independent in 1960.

If the colonial echoes are something Nicosia can live with, the link with today's Western defence system is more of an embarrassment to non-aligned Cyprus at times. Although the bases are supposed to be used for Britain's domestic defence requirements, the lines are not always clear, and the monitoring and base facilities are regarded as an important Nato asset.

They have been used for such worthy purposes as evacuating foreigners from Teheran and Beirut, airlifts to Ethiopia, and ferrying observers to the Zimbabwe elections. More controversially, they currently house two American Blackbird reconnaissance planes monitoring the Sinai disengagement, and US Navy helicopters used on the embassy run to East Beirut shelter there at night since the raid on Libya.

Although the terrorists used conventional weapons in Cyprus, the precautionary measures at British airports have been made to guard against more unusual means. Heading the arsenal now available to the terrorist is the plastic explosive Cyclonite, or RDX — Research Department X. It is light, malleable and devastating. It would take only a couple of pounds of Cyclonite to blow up a jumbo jet, and in 1978 a renegade CIA agent sold 22 tons of it to Colonel Gadafy.

Intelligence service reasoning now is that that consignment of RDX could be reaching the end of its "shelf life" in Libya. If this is correct, its owners will realise that it has to be used or disposed of.

Mr Malcolm Armstrong, an authority on the explosive, said: "RDX would need to be kept in an air-conditioned store at a regular temperature of between 50 and 60 degrees and, even so, the RDX stolen in 1978 would be reaching the stage beyond which it would start to degenerate."

The RDX explosive comes in sheets which can be moulded into the shape — and hidden under the lining — of a briefcase. On average such a device, weighing only a few ounces, could destroy around five feet of an aircraft. It is invisible to the X-ray machines.

Paul Ellman adds:

Threats against British lives and property in Spain were received last week by the British embassy in Madrid in retaliation for alleged support for the Spanish Government in its campaign against the Basque terrorist group, ETA.

The letter was received just two days before the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their two children on the Mediterranean island of Majorca as guests of King Juan Carlos and his family at their holiday palace near Palma.

Big Man pulls out all the stops

By Waldemar Januszczak



Pavarotti at Wembley

FROM the moment he waded through the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra to the front of the stage, threw open his arms, the famous white handkerchief flapping from one, the other raised as if to screw in an imaginary light bulb, he was greeted by a wave of raw adoration which would have knocked down many a lighter man.

But the Big Man, whose weight fluctuates from 18 to 28 stone depending on which paper you read, just stood there, soaking it up, while his thrashing audience exhausted itself on its own enthusiasm. His triumph was sealed. And he had not even started.

Wembley Arena had seen nothing like it. Bruno's boxing matches do not provide as dramatic a climax, the Horse of the Year Show cannot provide so sweet an aroma of success, the rock concerts do not attract this wild an audience.

A few arrived jammed in Daimler limousines, 10 penguin suits at a time, their champagne bottles poking into the chauffeur's neck. The penguin suits occupied a conspicuous rectangle at the great man's feet. And I dare say that in the large expanse of darkness created by his shadow even Wembley Arena might have passed for Covent Garden.

But Luciano Pavarotti's real fans, the ones half a mile away, thronging the aisles, cascading down the terraces, were determinedly classless. Anyone who could afford that fine volume of Luciano's Greatest Hits, where he poses in a clown's outfit on the cover, anyone who has bought the great sessions with Mantovani, was qualified to be there.

They were treated to an evening of relentless protein, the gaps in between thunderous Verdi arias and popular Italian canzone, were filled entirely with Rossini overtures, played by the Royal Philharmonic.

Even the handsome young featured flautist, Andrea Griminelli, who might in another life have modelled sports slacks, seemed to be able to make his flute weep at will, notably when he condensed the whole of Carmen into a six-minute medley. Who would have thought that the Toreador's song could sound that sad.

But it was the Big Man they had come to see. It was the Big Man who cried the loudest. Indeed, his tone throughout the evening was one of relentless broken-heartedness.

"When in the quiet ecstasy her angelic voice said, 'I love you' . . . Oh she betrayed me," he complained bitterly in Verdi's Quando le sere al placido. "Prepare the altar or the grave for me . . . Oh she betrayed me."

It is clearly not only his boat that Pavarotti, the greatest gondolier of them all, has lost. It is also his perpetual way in love.

Cruelly taunted by his Lolita, betrayed by his little Arlesienne, abandon by his own Mamma, the Big Man is reduced to one final lament. In Bixio's La Mia Canzone al Vento, he tearfully implores, "Wind! Wind! Carry me away with you . . ." It would have taken Hurricane Bertha.

Beside Pavarotti at the front of the stage, I enjoyed the performance of Emerson Buckley from the Fort Lauderdale Symphony, a conductor whom true Pavarotti fans will remember from his fine appearance alongside their hero in the film, Ye, Giorgio.

Buckley is still conducting as if there was an Oscar for playing Tchaikovsky at stake. He is the perfect foil for the great tenor. Where Pavarotti is huge, Buckley is tiny. Where Pavarotti is dark, Buckley is white as a garden gnome, which, incidentally he also resembles in his posture. Where Pavarotti is still, Buckley is a fidget, his right hand constantly coaxing and tickling the orchestra like a fly fisherman's rod.

The evening's routine is rigorous. After each lengthy Rossini overture Pavarotti strides to the front of the stage. The orchestra parts to allow him through. Moses crossing the Red Sea could not have taken more time to reach the other side.

A mop of the brow, a screw of the light bulb, a nod to the gnome, and we're off on the trail of another heartbreak. To the untrained eye it might all seem remarkably repetitive and hammy. But to the true fan it is clearly a visit from Hercules.

Squeezed in among the Verdi arias and Rossini overtures the evening has a real sub-plot. Surely everyone in the audience notices the fond stroke of the head he bestows on the attractive young French horn player with the bare shoulders on his way back to the rest room. Will he do it again after the next aria?

Yes. Bravo Luciano. And again . . . No. The hand is raised. But it is only to mop the brow. However, if the young lady in question were to cut out the annointed section of her head, I can direct her towards at least 10,000 potential buyers.

Aroused from the moment it found out the price of the tickets, the crowd is now delirious — and not a pretty sight. Thousands of screaming insurance salesmen and their wives bang the floor with their feet and beg desperately for more. They continue to clap long after the Big Man starts singing and they start again long before he finishes.

Finally it comes. The moment we had all been waiting for. It has taken three encores to arrive. The Royal Philharmonic strikes those first familiar notes. The crowd is on its feet. Several desperate lady newsagents make a dash for the front. Luciano pauses, adjusts his bulk, and whispers.

"Just one Cornetto" . . . er, sorry . . . "O Sole Mio" . . . The crowd explodes.

Luciano Pavarotti, the world's greatest tenor, or the Max Bygraves of opera? Posterity has surely already decided.

THE WEEK

PRESIDENT REAGAN received a clean bill of health from his doctors after an examination at Bethesda Naval Hospital. A White House arms control delegation is to hold exploratory talks in Moscow this week to prepare for a likely Reagan/Gorbachev summit in Washington before Christmas.

Meanwhile, the Senate finally approved a $295 billion defence authorisation bill for the 1987 financial year — a figure below 1985's level for the second year running. President Reagan had asked for $320 billion and the figure may yet be further trimmed in negotiations with Democrats in the House.

Earlier the House gave arms control moves a prod by voting overwhelmingly (234-155) for a one-year US nuclear test moratorium if the Russians agree.

Secretary of State George Shultz appeared to criticise President Reagan's decision to sell subsidised wheat to the USSR, saying that the Russians must be "chortling" at being able to buy cheaper food than their US counterparts.

The President narrowly averted defeat when the House failed to override his veto of a bill calling for drastic cuts in textile imports into the US.

THREE weeks before the Challenger space shuttle disaster, Nasa operators inadvertently drained 18,000 gallons of liquid oxygen fuel from the shuttle Challenger, and their error was spotted just 31 seconds before launch, the commission investigating the Challenger accident was told last week.

UNION Carbide officials said at the weekend that the Bhopal gas leak was caused by an angry employee who quarrelled with his manager and was trying to spoil a batch of chemicals. However, an attorney representing the victims and a spokesman for the Indian Embassy here scoffed at the statement, and said the company is still fully liable for damages. The case is to go before an Indian court later this month.

A CAR bomb exploded in a crowded shopping area in Muslim West Beirut last week, killing at least 17 people and wounding about 80. A Lebanese Christian leader, Fuad Abu Nader, a nephew of President Gemayel, was wounded in an assassination attempt. Beirut sources say that President Gemayel is attempting to reinstate Mr Nader as head of the Lebanese Forces militia in place of the hardliner, Dr Samir Gegea.

Meanwhile, Israel launched new attacks on Palestinian bases in east Lebanon.

ANGOLA'S Defence Ministry said South African troops had attacked the strategic town of Cuito Cuanavale, about 185 miles inside south-east Angola.

Angola's Unita rebels said earlier that their forces attacked Cuito Cuanavale, destroying radar equipment, anti-aircraft weapons and artillery. *(Washington Post, page 15.)*

AN extra 757,000 jobs were created in the 12 European Community countries last year, an increase of 0·6 per cent from 1984. This brought total employment to just under 124 million, according to the latest statistics provided last week by the EEC Commission in Brussels.

THE Socialist Prime Minister of Italy, Mr Bettino Craxi, won a confidence vote in the lower house, giving his new government final parliamentary approval.

A FRENCH climber was killed on Mont Blanc when he fell down a crevasse, bringing to five the number of deaths on Europe's highest mountain at the weekend.

FIERCE rioting in the Basque capital of Vitoria left almost 50 people injured last week. About 2,000 supporters of the Basque separatist group ETA gathered outside the Governor's office to protest against recent expulsions of alleged terrorists from France, and petrol bombs were thrown at the building. *(Le Monde, page 11.)*

RECORD rains in Sydney have killed at least four people and the city was in chaos last week with some suburbs declared disaster areas. Weatherman recorded 13·1 inches in the 24 hours, well above the previous record set 42 years ago.

Terrorists kill Indian general

By Inder Malhotra in New Delhi

TERRORISTS dealt a heavy blow to the Indian Government on Sunday by killing the army's former Chief of Staff, General Arun Vaidya, who helped to plan the 1984 military assault on the Sikh holy shrine of the Golden Temple at Amritsar.

The unidentified gunmen, believed to be Sikhs, struck 24 hours after police in the Punjab had claimed a breakthrough in their battle against Sikh separatists by arresting one of the country's six most wanted men.

But the assassination of General Vaidya, aged 60, on the main thoroughfare of the military town of Pune, in western India, quickly overshadowed this success.

Four gunmen riding on two motorcycles overtook his car as he was driving with his wife in a parkland area, and sprayed it from both sides with automatic weapons. A single guard in the back of the car was unable to get his gun out before the killers, wearing red singlets, sped away.

General Vaidya, who had recently received threatening letters from advocates of the independent Sikh state of Khalistan, was hit in the head and neck and was declared dead on arrival at a military hospital. Mrs Vaidya, who was also hit, was admitted to hospital and is said to be out of danger.

The murder has sent shock waves throughout the country. There is widespread condemnation of the Sikh terrorists. Much of the anger is directed against the Indian Government for its failure to protect the life of an army chief who was openly being threatened before being murdered.

The Sikh leader arrested on Saturday was Manbir Singh, aged 29. Police captured 15 other wanted extremists. Manbir Singh styled himself commander-in-chief of the Khalistan Commando Force, which police have blamed for a series of massacres of Hindus in the Sikh-majority state this year.

General Vaidya's most famous military exploit took place in Punjab state during India's war with Pakistan in 1965. In the battle of Khem Karan, Vaidya, then a colonel, directed a force which knocked out 86 Pakistani tanks in a 36-hour tank duel north-east of Amritsar.

Anzus must stay, committee tells Lange

By Ian Templeton in Wellington

A FOUR-PERSON committee of inquiry into New Zealand's defence policy has told the Prime Minister, Mr David Lange, that active membership of the Anzus defence alliance should remain a cornerstone of New Zealand's security arrangements.

The Prime Minister had expected the committee, which included a Quaker, to reach fundamentally different conclusions, supporting the Government's anti-nuclear policy.

But the committee, while acknowledging strong public support for the ban on nuclear armed warships visiting New Zealand ports, reached the conclusion that New Zealanders want Anzus to underpin their security. Most New Zealanders feel concerned about the rupture in relations with the US following the country's ban on nuclear warships.

Mr Lange has so far refused to publish the committee's report and has sought "clarification" of some aspects of it.

If he does not publish it in full, he will be accused of a cover-up, and if he does, it will present his opponents with powerful ammunition to shoot holes in the Government's claims that it has made New Zealand a safer place.

Mr Lange's embarrassment is perhaps greater because he handpicked members of the defence inquiry committee. The chairman is Mr Frank Corner, Secretary for Foreign Affairs for seven years and a former ambassador in Washington. Other members were Major-General Brian Poananga, one of New Zealand's great Maori soldiers and a former Chief of the General Staff, a Quaker Dr Kevin Clements, and Diane Hunt, former director of the policy research unit of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Newspaper reports say that Mr Lange was "appalled" when he received the committee's recommendations. The committee had sung in unison, and he did not like the tune. The Prime Minister tried a rearguard action to convince the committee it should revise the report. He summoned the committee and presented them with a detailed critique of the report prepared by the head of his advisory group, Dr John Henderson. But the committee said it would not withdraw or change its report.

Christopher Reed adds:

At the start of talks in San Francisco with the Australian Foreign and Defence Minister, Mr Shultz, US Secretary of State, said the US no longer felt bound to go to New Zealand's defence. "New Zealand's actions can only encourage those who hope to tear at the fabric of Western co-operation," Mr Shultz said.

Russia grants asylum to former CIA agent

By Michael White in Washington

THE CIA's worst fears about its missing former agent, Edward Lee Howard, were confirmed last week when the official Soviet media announced that he had been granted political asylum in Moscow. It was given on the humanitarian grounds that he feared "unfounded persecution" by US intelligence services.

The persecution would be far from unfounded if the turncoat agent, who slipped through an FBI surveillance net last September, fell into American hands. Though the CIA is routinely declining all comment on the affair, it has been widely reported that Howard, embittered by his dismissal from the agency after his history of petty crime and drug abuse was belatedly uncovered, sold his knowledge of US intelligence operations in Moscow to the Russians.

Howard's treason was revealed to US intelligence by Vitaly Yurchenko, the KGB officer who defected in Rome last summer and redefected to his own side at a spectacular press conference at the Soviet embassy in Washington. Meanwhile, Howard's $6,000 worth of revelations "wiped out Moscow station" as contacts and agents simply "disappeared", well informed press reports have stated.

Several US diplomats have recently been expelled without retaliation. "They're getting the right people," one source conceded.

According to the Soviet news agency Tass and the newspaper Izvestia, Howard, described as "a US citizen and former CIA officer," had sought political asylum so that he could "hide from US secret services, which unfoundedly persecute him".

The Soviet President had granted the asylum after being "guided by humane considerations". This is the sort of language usually deployed by Washington when granting asylum to escapees from the Soviet bloc, including two Soviet high-wire performers Bertalina Kazakova and Nikolai Nikolski, who coincidentally arrived in Miami last week.

Hired in January 1981, Howard, now 34, had been trained to take over the running of Soviet contacts in Moscow under the cover of a budget analyst at the US embassy. Shortly before he was due to take up the post his personal shortcomings were revealed, in part under polygraph testing. Such was his mental instability, it is now said, that "the guy was coming apart". He was dismissed.

This triggered his approach to the Russians and may have prompted him to take a job with the finance committee of the New Mexico state legislature which put him in regular contact with workers at the Los Alamos weapons laboratory, where the atomic bomb and many of its contributions to the Star Wars age have been developed.

After Yurchenko's revelations Howard was interviewed by FBI agents at his home in Santa Fe and put under what was later described as loose surveillance. Using the CIA's own trade-craft, however — he left a dummy in his car — he escaped, presumably to Mexico and then apparently to Finland.

The mishandling of the Howard case from start to finish has prompted a scathing report to President Reagan from the shadowy Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. Among the victims of the betrayal was a Soviet engineer, subsequently said to have been executed, who had been a top US contact. Officials here have called it, "the most graphic foul-up in many years". But the title is fiercely contested.

Congress opposes SDI work for allies

By Michael White in Washington

CONGRESS has inflicted a new embarrassment on the Reagan Administration's Star Wars programme by raising another hurdle to the participation of its Nato allies in lucrative research contracts.

During a special Saturday session of the Republican-controlled Senate, Administration supporters were defeated on an amendment from the Ohio Democrat and former Astronaut, Senator John Glenn, which requires all future research contracts to be placed inside the United States unless the Pentagon certifies that the work in question cannot be done at home.

The prospect of a share of the initial $20 billion worth of research funds, possibly three times as much long-term, was an important carrot waved before Nato allies such as Britain and West Germany to still their doubts about its strategic wisdom. The Thatcher Government originally tried to seek a guaranteed slice worth $2 billion in return for being the first ally to sign up. It signed without getting the guarantee.

Sceptics here insisted that the Allies would be lucky to share $300 million — or 1 per cent — between them, as the protectionist instincts of US corporations and research institutes chimed with Pentagon concern about the security of its classified data. But there are some technological specialities where, both sides seem to agree, the Europeans do excel.

In the event recent — and disputed — estimates made by the American Federation of Scientists, a vocal critic of Star Wars, suggest that Britain currently has five contracts worth about $30 million, Bonn four, so far yielding $20 million, and France one. Italy is poised to join up.

Even though the Pentagon will probably be able to certify in good faith the necessity of European help, the Glenn amendment, coming from a pro-defence Democrat, is likely to increase nagging strains on both sides of the Nato pond.

The Senate move came as a high-level team of US negotiators was due to start talks in Moscow on Monday on the superpowers' still tentative efforts to reach an accommodation over deep cuts in strategic missile arsenals and the extent to which research and testing of the President's Strategic Defence Initiative can be continued with existing treaty limits — or not within them — as US hawks advocate.

Notwithstanding the tough negotiating stance of the White House over Star Wars, it is the hawks who are currently alarmed that Mr Reagan has given Mr Mikhail Gorbachev what he wanted in his reply of July 25 in agreeing to discuss SDI at all. It had become "the centrepiece of the talks between them" Republican Senator Malcolm Wallop, complained on lunchtime television last week.

He criticised by name the head of the US team in Moscow, Mr Paul Nitze, as being one of those White House advisers whose presentation of Star Wars lacked "clarity" and made it seem like an arms control bargaining chip — which Mr Reagan has always denied.

Early money is going on Bush

By Michael White in Lansing, Michigan

"I TELL you, he's 4½-1 the winner," insists Lee. "If you take out the undecided he gets more than 50 per cent of the votes," says Bob soothingly. "Vice President Bush's support is a mile wide and a mile deep," Lee reiterates for slow learners.

What you are listening to is the sound of sophisticated and highly-paid political apparatchik of the free enterprise school putting what the trade calls spin on electoral entrails of unprecedented obscurity in the corn and cars state of Michigan. And in the hotel room in prosperous Lansing, 80 miles west of big, bad Detroit, they are having to earn their retainers. The cream of the Washington-based national media is highly sceptical. The noise in the background is money, lots of it.

This is August 1986, but what has brought pollster Bob Teeter, consultant Lee Atwater, the reporters and the money to the state capital of Michigan is the presidential election of November 1988 — 27 months away. No one wants to miss the Michigan entrails in case they one day prove to have been a turning point.

Actually, they don't. What is proved, in so far as anything is, is what we knew already: that George Bush has a lot of money and organisation behind him and that after five years of watching him hold President Reagan's coat-tails Republican voters have heard of him and display their political knowledge by telling pollsters they would like to see him as the party's candidate.

According to which exit poll you prefer, and naturally the contestants pick and choose, Mr Bush emerged from last week's Michigan's 25 per cent turnout among 5.7 million voters with the ability to claim that 40 to 45 per cent of Republicans want him to be their candidate, against around 10 per cent for TV evangelist the Rev Marion "Pat" Robertson, nine per cent for New York Congressman, Jack Kemp, darling of the "movement conservative," and a little less for the likes of Senate majority leader Bob Dole, his predecessor Howard Baker, and even Dr Jeane Kirkpatrick. Democrats, similarly quizzed, pitched by 26 per cent to 15 for Lee Iacocca, saviour of Chrysler and Miss Liberty, over Gary Hart. After all, this is MoTown country.

It amounts to a victory of sorts for Mr Bush in that anything less would have been a disaster. This is a Bush stronghold where he even beat Ronald Reagan with 57 per cent of the vote in the 1980 primary. But it has cost him an admitted 800,000 dollars to fight off the late 65,000 dollar challenge of the smooth telegenic Robertson of whom few Americans have heard except the 27 million who are said to watch his Christian Broadcasting cable TV network. Mr Bush has been making Born Again noises (he is already a Born Again Reaganite).

None is officially a candidate yet and they hide behind committees with coy names like The Fund for America's Future (Bush) and the Freedom Council (Robertson). Those disinclined to believe the talking-up process organised by Kemp's team (Michigan Opportunity Society), claiming he came second, regard him as the real threat to Mr Bush and therefore the real loser. Unless it is the American electoral process.

It is a cliche that campaigning starts nowadays the moment the last one ends, and the processes' voracious destructiveness is evident in the Lansing briefing rooms.



George Bush

In fact, the state Republic leadership is also to blame for trying to grab some early presidential limelight. Michigan having resurrected its old pre-TV procedure for electing 14,729 delegates from 5,904 precincts, who will in turn choose the delegates, who will (if you are still with me) pick the state's presidential choice for the White House at the 1988 conventions, the Republicans contrived to make a show here last week.

As rival factions chopped and rechopped the entrails, they may now be regretting it. But not all the news out of Michigan was bad for the body politic.

Even before the votes were finally counted the rival bagmen were squabbling over the loyalty two years hence of the chosen 14,729. But this aspect of the voting was part of a wider process whereby both Democrats and Republicans held party primaries to choose their candidates to contest state, local and national offices in the November (1986) mid-term elections. Local interest was sensibly focussed on this. And in seeking the right person to fight (and probably lose to) Democratic Governor Jim Blanchard, Republican voters surprised themselves by managing to pick William Lucas who is black.

Even a week before it was touch and go. Lucas is a respected and competent chief executive — and former sheriff — of Wayne County, which is to Detroit what Middlesex used to be to London. Last year he was wooed from the Democrats by a White House in search of respectable black support: the domestic equivalent of the hunt for a black face in Pretoria. But then, Dick Chrysler, no relation to the car though a successful local maker of custom models, moved in. A rich Republican maverick, he spent his way to first place in the polls with three million dollars of his own money (Mr Bush's is other people's).

The media and the party bigwigs distrusted him but his TV ads with their matey can-do approach worked until the Detroit News revealed that in 1978 he encouraged employees to claim social security whilst still at work. That appears to have tripped him up and saved the party of Abraham Lincoln from yet another racial embarrassment. Lucas polled convincingly in most areas, urban and rural, and won by 46 to 36 per cent.

Ironically, a blatantly racial ploy failed in as much as only eight or nine per cent of Black Democratic voters followed Mr Lucas into the Republican fold. As the Guardian found at the South Western High School polling station in the industrial Rouge River district of Detroit, black voters were suspicious of Bill Lucas's upward mobility. "It's the wrong psychology," said Johnnie Williams, campaigning for the re-election of his Uncle Clarence to the city council. "He closed our hospital," said a sweet old lady. "I don't think he was so good."

Bill Lucas is unlikely to become the first black American in modern times to win state wide office, just as neither the Rev Robertson nor the Rev Jesse Jackson is likely to become president. But it is possible to see the emergence of both in a positive light. Just as the single issue of civil rights drew many blacks, including Church groups, into mainstream politics in the sixties, so the backlash against feminism, abortion and even civil rights is politicising the white Protestants of the born again variety. They may pull the party to the right but it pulls them to a centre and, as Michigan exit polls suggest, non fundamentalists are put off by Mr Robertson's profession.

Down at his HQ, full of wholesome young people, the talk is of "stewardship" in the wider political arena. Robertson's Michigan organiser, Marlene Elwell, a mother of five, and, incidentally, a Catholic, used to be just a pro-lifer. "My neon light," she calls it. Now, she is a seasoned politician and took a call of thanks from Lucas who the fundamentalists had endorsed. Meanwhile, spare a thought for one obscure Lancing Democrat who campaigned with a bumper sticker: "Re-elect Commissioner Mark Grebner. He's no worse than the rest." He was unopposed.

THE WEEK

PRESIDENT REAGAN received a clean bill of health from his doctors after an examination at Bethesda Naval Hospital. A White House arms control delegation is to hold exploratory talks in Moscow this week to prepare for a likely Reagan/Gorbachev summit in Washington before Christmas.

Meanwhile, the Senate finally approved a $295 billion defence authorisation bill for the 1987 financial year — a figure below 1985's level for the second year running. President Reagan had asked for $320 billion and the figure may yet be further trimmed in negotiations with Democrats in the House.

Earlier the House gave arms control moves a prod by voting overwhelmingly (234-155) for a one-year US nuclear test moratorium if the Russians agree.

Secretary of State George Shultz appeared to criticise President Reagan's decision to sell subsidised wheat to the USSR, saying that the Russians must be "chortling" at being able to buy cheaper food than their US counterparts.

The President narrowly averted defeat when the House failed to override his veto of a bill calling for drastic cuts in textile imports into the US.

THREE weeks before the Challenger space shuttle disaster, Nasa operators inadvertently *drained 18,000 gallons of* liquid oxygen *fuel from the shuttle* Challenger, and their *error was spotted* just 31 seconds before *launch*, the commission investigating the *Challenger* accident was told last week.

UNION Carbide officials said at the weekend that the Bhopal gas leak was caused by an angry employee who quarrelled with his manager and was trying to spoil a batch of chemicals. However, an attorney representing the victims and a spokesman for the Indian Embassy here scoffed at the statement, and said the company is still fully liable for damages. The case is to go before an Indian court later this month.

A CAR bomb exploded in a crowded shopping area in Muslim West Beirut last week, killing at least 17 people and wounding about 50. A Lebanese Christian leader, Fuad Abu Nader, a nephew of President Gemayel, was wounded in an assassination attempt. Beirut sources say that President Gemayel is attempting to reinstate Mr Nader as head of the Lebanese Forces militia in place of the hardliner, Dr Samir Gegea.

Meanwhile, Israel launched new attacks on Palestinian bases in east Lebanon.

ANGOLA'S Defence Ministry said South African troops had attacked the strategic town of Cuito Cuanavale, about 185 miles inside south-east Angola.

Angola's Unita rebels said earlier that their *forces attacked Cuito Cuanavale, destroying radar equipment, anti-aircraft weapons and artillery. (Washington Post, page 15.)*

AN extra 757,000 jobs were created in the 12 *European* Community countries last year, an *increase of 0·6 per cent from 1984. This brought total employment to just under 124 million, according to the latest statistics provided last week by the EEC Commission in Brussels.*

THE Socialist Prime Minister of Italy, Mr Bettino Craxi, won a confidence vote in the lower house, giving his new government final parliamentary approval.

A FRENCH climber was killed on Mont Blanc when he fell down a crevasse, bringing to five the number of deaths on Europe's highest mountain at the weekend.

FIERCE rioting in the Basque capital of Vitoria left almost 50 people injured last week. About 2,000 supporters of the Basque separatist group ETA gathered outside the Governor's office to protest against recent expulsions of alleged terrorists from France, and petrol bombs were thrown at the building. *(Le Monde, page 11.)*

RECORD rains in Sydney have killed at least four people and the city was in chaos last week with some suburbs declared disaster areas. Weathermen recorded 13·1 inches in the 24 hours, well above the previous record set 42 years ago.

Terrorists kill Indian general

By Inder Malhotra in New Delhi

TERRORISTS dealt a heavy blow to the Indian Government on Sunday by killing the army's former Chief of Staff, General Arun Vaidya, who helped to plan the 1984 military assault on the Sikh holy shrine of the Golden Temple at Amritsar.

The unidentified gunmen, believed to be Sikhs, struck 24 hours after police in the Punjab had claimed a breakthrough in their battle against Sikh separatists by arresting one of the country's six most wanted men.

But the assassination of General Vaidya, aged 60, on the main thoroughfare of the military town of Pune, in western India, quickly overshadowed this success.

Four gunmen riding on two motorcycles overtook his car as he was driving with his wife in a parkland area, and sprayed it from both sides with automatic weapons. A single guard in the back of the car was unable to get his gun out before the killers, wearing red singlets, sped away.

General Vaidya, who had recently received threatening letters from advocates of the independent Sikh state of Khalistan, was hit in the head and neck and was declared dead on arrival at a military hospital. Mrs Vaidya, who was also hit, was admitted to hospital and is said to be out of danger.

The murder has sent shock waves throughout the country. There is widespread condemnation of the Sikh terrorists. Much of the anger is directed against the Indian Government for its failure to protect the life of an army chief who was openly being threatened before being murdered.

The Sikh leader arrested on Saturday was Manbir Singh, aged 29. Police captured 15 other wanted extremists. Manbir Singh styled himself commander-in-chief of the Khalistan Commando Force, which police have blamed for a series of massacres of Hindus in the Sikh-majority state this year.

General Vaidya's most famous military exploit took place in Punjab state during India's war with Pakistan in 1965. In the battle of Khem Karan, Vaidya, then a colonel, directed a force which knocked out 86 Pakistani tanks in a 36-hour tank duel north-east of Amritsar.

Anzus must stay, committee tells Lange

By Ian Templeton in Wellington

A FOUR-PERSON committee of inquiry into New Zealand's defence policy has told the Prime Minister, Mr David Lange, that active membership of the Anzus defence alliance should remain a cornerstone of New Zealand's security arrangements.

The Prime Minister had expected the committee, which included a Quaker, to reach fundamentally different conclusions, supporting the Government's anti-nuclear policy.

But the committee, while acknowledging strong public support for the ban on nuclear armed warships visiting New Zealand ports, reached the conclusion that New Zealanders want Anzus to underpin their security. Most New Zealanders feel concerned about the rupture in relations with the US following the country's ban on nuclear warships.

Mr Lange has so far refused to publish the committee's report and has sought "clarification" of some aspects of it.

If he does not publish it in full, he will be accused of a cover-up, and if he does, it will present his opponents with powerful ammunition to shoot holes in the Government's claims that it has made New Zealand a safer place.

Mr Lange's embarrassment is perhaps greater because he handpicked members of the defence inquiry committee. The chairman is Mr Frank Corner, Secretary for Foreign Affairs for seven years and a former ambassador in Washington. Other members were Major-General Brian Poananga, one of New Zealand's great Maori soldiers and a former Chief of the General Staff, a Quaker Dr Kevin Clements, and Diane Hunt, former director of the policy research unit of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Newspaper reports say that Mr Lange was "appalled" when he received the committee's recommendations. The committee had sung in unison, and he did not like the tune. The Prime Minister tried a rearguard action to convince the committee it should revise the report. He summoned the committee and presented them with a detailed critique of the report prepared by the head of his advisory group, Dr John Henderson. But the committee said it would not withdraw or change its report.

Christopher Reed adds:

At the start of talks in San Francisco with the Australian Foreign and Defence Minister, Mr Shultz, US Secretary of State, said the US no longer felt bound to go to New Zealand's defence. "New Zealand's actions can only encourage those who hope to tear at the fabric of Western co-operation," Mr Shultz said.

Russia grants asylum to former CIA agent

By Michael White in Washington

THE CIA's worst fears about its missing former agent, Edward Lee Howard, were confirmed last week when the official Soviet media announced that he had been granted political asylum in Moscow. It was given on the humanitarian grounds that he feared "unfounded persecution" by US intelligence services.

The persecution would be far from unfounded if the turncoat agent, who slipped through an FBI surveillance net last September, fell into American hands. Though the CIA is routinely declining all comment on the affair, it has been widely reported that Howard, embittered by his dismissal from the agency after his history of petty crime and drug abuse was belatedly uncovered, sold his knowledge of US intelligence operations in Moscow to the Russians.

Howard's treason was revealed to US intelligence by Vitaly Yurchenko, the KGB officer who defected in Rome last summer and redefected to his own side at a spectacular press conference at the Soviet embassy in Washington. Meanwhile, Howard's $6,000 worth of revelations "wiped out Moscow station" as contacts and agents simply "disappeared", well informed press reports have stated.

Several US diplomats have recently been expelled without retaliation. "They're getting the right people," one source conceded.

According to the Soviet news agency Tass and the newspaper Izvestia, Howard, described as "a US citizen and former CIA officer," had sought political asylum so that he could "hide from US secret services, which unfoundedly persecute him".

The Soviet President had granted the asylum after being "guided by humane considerations". This is the sort of language usually deployed by Washington when granting asylum to escapees from the Soviet bloc, including two Soviet high-wire performers Bertalina Kazakova and Nikolai Nikolski, who coincidentally arrived in Miami last week.

Hired in January 1981, Howard, now 34, had been trained to take over the running of Soviet contacts in Moscow under the cover of a budget analyst at the US embassy. Shortly before he was due to take up the post his personal shortcomings were revealed, in part under polygraph testing. Such was his mental instability, it is now said, that "the guy was coming apart". He was dismissed.

This triggered his approach to the Russians and may have prompted him to take a job with the finance committee of the New Mexico state legislature which put him in regular contact with workers at the Los Alamos weapons laboratory, where the atomic bomb and many of its contributions to the Star Wars age have been developed.

After Yurchenko's revelations Howard was interviewed by FBI agents at his home in Santa Fe and put under what was later described as loose surveillance. Using the CIA's own trade-craft, however — he left a dummy in his car — he escaped, presumably to Mexico and then apparently to Finland.

The mishandling of the Howard case from start to finish has prompted a scathing report to President Reagan from the shadowy Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. Among the victims of the betrayal was a Soviet engineer, subsequently said to have been executed, who had been a top US contact. Officials here have called it, "the most graphic foul-up in many years". But the title is fiercely contested.

Congress opposes SDI work for allies

By Michael White in Washington

CONGRESS has inflicted a new embarrassment on the Reagan Administration's Star Wars programme by raising another hurdle to the participation of its Nato allies in lucrative research contracts.

During a special Saturday session of the Republican-controlled Senate, Administration supporters were defeated on an amendment from the Ohio Democrat and former Astronaut, Senator John Glenn, which requires all future research contracts to be placed inside the United States unless the Pentagon certifies that the work in question cannot be done at home.

The prospect of a share of the initial $20 billion worth of research funds, possibly three times as much long-term, was an important carrot waved before Nato allies such as Britain and West Germany to still their doubts about its strategic wisdom. The Thatcher Government originally tried to seek a guaranteed slice worth $2 billion in return for being the first ally to sign up. It signed without getting the guarantee.

Sceptics here insisted that the Allies would be lucky to share $300 million — or 1 per cent — between them, as the protectionist instincts of US corporations and research institutes chimed with Pentagon concern about the security of its classified data. But there are some technological specialities where, both sides seem to agree, the Europeans do excel.

In the event recent — and disputed — estimates made by the American Federation of Scientists, a vocal critic of Star Wars, suggest that Britain currently has five contracts worth about $30 million, Bonn four, so far yielding $20 million, and France one. Italy is poised to join up.

Even though the Pentagon will probably be able to certify in good faith the necessity of European help, the Glenn amendment, coming from a pro-defence Democrat, is likely to increase nagging strains on both sides of the Nato pond.

The Senate move came as a high-level team of US negotiators was due to start talks in Moscow on Monday on the superpowers' still tentative efforts to reach an accommodation over deep cuts in strategic missile arsenals and the extent to which research and testing of the President's Strategic Defence Initiative can be continued with existing treaty limits — or not within them — as US hawks advocate.

Notwithstanding the tough negotiating stance of the White House over Star Wars, it is the hawks who are currently alarmed that Mr Reagan has given Mr Mikhail Gorbachev what he wanted in his reply of July 25 in agreeing to discuss SDI at all. It had become "the centrepiece of the talks between them" Republican Senator Malcolm Wallop, complained on lunchtime television last week.

He criticised by name the head of the US team in Moscow, Mr Paul Nitze, as being one of those White House advisers whose presentation of Star Wars lacked "clarity" and made it seem like an arms control bargaining chip — which Mr Reagan has always denied.

Early money is going on Bush

By Michael White in Lansing, Michigan

"I TELL you, he's 4½-1 the winner," insists Lee. "If you take out the undecided he gets more than 50 per cent of the votes," says Bob soothingly. "Vice President Bush's support is a mile wide and a mile deep," Lee reiterates for slow learners.

What you are listening to is the sound of sophisticated and highly-paid political apparatchik of the free enterprise school putting what the trade calls spin on electoral entrails of unprecedented obscurity in the corn and cars state of Michigan. And in the hotel room in prosperous Lansing, 80 miles west of big, bad Detroit, they are having to earn their retainers. The cream of the Washington-based national media is highly sceptical. The noise in the background is money, lots of it.

This is August 1986, but what has brought pollster Bob Teeter, consultant Lee Atwater, the reporters and the money to the state capital of Michigan is the presidential election of November 1988 — 27 months away. No one wants to miss the Michigan entrails in case they one day prove to have been a turning point.

Actually, they don't. What is proved, in so far as anything is, is what we knew already: that George Bush has a lot of money and organisation behind him and that after five years of watching him hold President Reagan's coattails Republican voters have heard of him and display their political knowledge by telling pollsters they would like to see him as the party's candidate.

According to which exit poll you prefer, and naturally the contestants pick and choose, Mr Bush emerged from last week's Michigan's 25 per cent turnout among 5.7 million voters with the ability to claim that 40 to 45 per cent of Republicans want him to be their candidate, against around 10 per cent for TV evangelist the Rev Marion "Pat" Robertson, nine per cent for New York Congressman, Jack Kemp, darling of the "movement conservative," and a little less for the likes of Senate majority leader Bob Dole, his predecessor Howard Baker, and even Dr Jeane Kirkpatrick. Democrats, similarly quizzed, pitched by 26 per cent to 15 for Lee Iacocca, saviour of Chrysler and Miss Liberty, over Gary Hart. After all, this is MoTown country.

It amounts to a victory of sorts for Mr Bush in that anything less would have been a disaster. This is a Bush stronghold where he even beat Ronald Reagan with 57 per cent of the vote in the 1980 primary. But it has cost him an admitted 800,000 dollars to fight off the late 65,000 dollar challenge of the smooth telegenic Robertson of whom few Americans have heard except the 27 million who are said to watch his Christian Broadcasting cable TV network. Mr Bush has been making Born Again noises (he is already a Born Again Reaganite).

None is officially a candidate yet and they hide behind committees with coy names like The Fund for America's Future (Bush) and the Freedom Council (Robertson). Those disinclined to believe the talking-up process organised by Kemp's team (Michigan Opportunity Society), claiming he came second, regard him as the real threat to Mr Bush and therefore the real loser. Unless it is the American electoral process.

It is a cliche that campaigning starts nowadays the moment the last one ends, and the processes' voracious destructiveness is evident in the Lansing briefing rooms.


George Bush

In fact, the state Republic leadership is also to blame for trying to grab some early presidential limelight. Michigan having resurrected its old pre-TV procedure for electing 14,729 delegates from 5,904 precincts, who will in turn choose the delegates, who will (if you are still with me) pick the state's presidential choice for the White House at the 1988 conventions, the Republicans contrived to make a show here last week.

As rival factions chopped and rechopped the entrails, they may now be regretting it. But not all the news out of Michigan was bad for the body politic.

Even before the votes were finally counted the rival bagmen were squabbling over the loyalty two years hence of the chosen 14,729. But this aspect of the voting was part of a wider process whereby both Democrats and Republicans held party primaries to choose their candidates to contest state, local and national offices in the November (1986) mid-term elections. Local interest was sensibly focussed on this. And in seeking the right person to fight (and probably lose to) Democratic Governor Jim Blanchard, Republican voters surprised themselves by managing to pick William Lucas who is black.

Even a week before it was touch and go. Lucas is a respected and competent chief executive — and former sheriff — of Wayne County, which is to Detroit what Middlesex used to be to London. Last year he was wooed from the Democrats by a White House in search of respectable black support: the domestic equivalent of the hunt for a black face in Pretoria. But then, Dick Chrysler, no relation to the car though a successful local maker of custom models, moved in. A rich Republican maverick, he spent his way to first place in the polls with three million dollars of his own money (Mr Bush's is other people's).

The media and the party bigwigs distrusted him but his TV ads with their matey can-do approach worked until the Detroit News revealed that in 1978 he encouraged employees to claim social security whilst still at work. That appears to have tripped him up and saved the party of Abraham Lincoln from yet another racial embarrassment. Lucas polled convincingly in most areas, urban and rural, and won by 46 to 36 per cent.

Ironically, a blatantly racial ploy failed in as much as only eight or nine per cent of Black Democratic voters followed Mr Lucas into the Republican fold. As the Guardian found at the South Western High School polling station in the industrial Rouge River district of Detroit, black voters were suspicious of Bill Lucas's upward mobility. "It's the wrong psychology," said Johnnie Williams, campaigning for the re-election of his Uncle Clarence to the city council. "He closed our hospital," said a sweet old lady. "I don't think he was so good."

Bill Lucas is unlikely to become the first black American in modern times to win state wide office, just as neither the Rev Robertson nor the Rev Jesse Jackson is likely to become president. But it is possible to see the emergence of both in a positive light. Just as the single issue of civil rights drew many blacks, including Church groups, into mainstream politics in the sixties, so the backlash against feminism, abortion and even civil rights is politicising the white Protestants of the born again variety. They may pull the party to the right but it pulls them to a centre and, as Michigan exit polls suggest, non fundamentalists are put off by Mr Robertson's profession.

Down at his HQ, full of wholesome young people, the talk is of "stewardship" in the wider political arena. Robertson's Michigan organiser, Marlene Elwell, a mother of five, and, incidentally, a Catholic, used to be just a pro-lifer. "My neon light," she calls it. Now, she is a seasoned politician and took a call of thanks from Lucas who the fundamentalists had endorsed. Meanwhile, spare a thought for one obscure Lancing Democrat who campaigned with a bumper sticker: "Re-elect Commissioner Mark Grebner. He's no worse than the rest." He was unopposed.

LAWYERS throughout South Africa were hurriedly preparing urgent applications early this week to secure the release of an estimated 10,000 detainees after a dramatic Supreme Court judgment that the emergency regulations under which they were being held are invalid.

In the latest of a series of blows delivered by the courts to the state of emergency a full bench of the Natal Supreme Court ruled that President P. W. Botha had exceeded his powers in promulgating two key clauses in the regulations relating to arrest and detention.

The Natal court application had been brought on behalf of the Natal publicity secretary of the United Democratic Front — the main anti-apartheid umbrella organisation in South Africa — Mr Solomon Tsenoli, who has been in detention for nearly two months.

The state attempted to have Mr Tsenoli kept in detention pending an appeal to the Supreme Court. But during an adjournment, the state's lawyers abandoned the application and he was released. The application to appeal was granted, but it is likely to take months.

The first of the two clauses held to be *ultra vires* empowered any member of the security forces to hold anyone whose detention — in his or her opinion — is necessary for maintenance of public safety or for the "termination of the state of emergency". The second allowed the Minister of Law and Order to order anyone to be detained for as long as he saw fit, without notice or right of appeal.

The forced removals are still going on

By David Beresford in Johannesburg

THEY look like dozens of silver sentry boxes which for some perverse reason have gone on parade instead of the sentries. In neatly ordered rows they stand to attention, their corrugated-iron sides glinting under the bushveld sun. They are just toilets. Toilets awaiting the dispossessed of South Africa.

The parade grounds of toilets are to be found in various parts of Africa. . . usually the worst parts. They are the places marked out for new townships to accommodate thousands of blacks "resettled" from other, usually more desirable parts of the country.

Under international pressure and with the belated realisation of the insanity of the whole scheme — on practical, if not moral grounds — the "grand apartheid" plan began to disintegrate, at least in the way it was originally envisaged. First, there was the Government's admission that millions of urban blacks were going to have to stay in South Africa and more recently the abandonment of the influx control system, the main mechanism by which "grand apartheid" was enforced. Coupled with a government announcement last year of a suspension of "forced removals," these developments created an impression that the resettlement programme had gone the same way as the recently repealed prohibitions on sex and marriage across the colour line.

The reality is somewhat different. It is a reality which can be found in the bent figure of Mr Ndala Zungu, a partly crippled farm labourer who was to be found in the city of Pietermaritzburg last week. Mr Zungu, like many of the older rural blacks, was not sure of his age, but we worked it out to be about 60 or 62. He was from a farm near a town in northern Natal called "Weenan," or "place of weeping."

He was born on the farm and has been living there with his family of 18: his wife, four daughters, four sons, two daughters-in-law and seven grandchildren. The farm is what is known as a "labour farm," which is to say that the crop being farmed is people — workers and their families who are allowed to reside there in return for their labour.

Mr Zungu worked for the farmer on a nearby irrigation scheme, tending vegetables. He would be picked up by a truck in the early hours of Monday morning, spend the week at the vegetable farm, living in a compound, returning at midday on Saturday. For this he was paid R110 (roughly sterling £30) a month. Two of his sons also worked as labourers and their wives as domestic servants for the farmer. The women were paid "whatever the farmer felt like paying them" — usually a few Rands. Disaster struck Mr Zungu in February. The two sons working as labourers took off for the bright lights of Durban and Johannesburg. In terms of his deal with the farmer he had to replace them, but only one of his remaining sons was old enough to work. So he was fired and told he had to get off the farm. He had come to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, looking for help.

The choices now facing Mr Zungu are limited. It is unlikely he will find another farmer to take him on with his family. With the abolition of influx control he can, theoretically, move into a city like Durban, in search of work. But with his family (now 16 strong) and no money to pay rent, he would be reduced to setting up a shanty in one of the township slums and then would face eviction as an illegal squatter. So the only real option open to him is to go where the Government wanted him in the first place — in his case to Kwazulu, the fiefdom of Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi. Which was the fate of another farm worker, Roger Madonsela.

Mr Madonsela, aged 63, also worked as a tenant labourer, on a farm near the town of Vryheid. He was married with only one child, a son. Then he got a job with a brickworks and his wife, Theresa, aged 54, started working for the farmer as a domestic servant, in return for the right to stay on the land. But Mr Madonsela fell ill with epilepsy and his wife had to get a better paid job, as a house servant in Vryheid, and they were then kicked of the farm. So they landed up in Kwazulu, in a resettlement area called Nondweni where they built themselves a two-room mud home.

Mrs Madonsela kept her job on a part-time basis, working three days a week for R8 a day (little more than £2). But to get to Vryheid she had to leave Nondweni at about 4.30 am to catch a bus, returning at 6 pm. It was too much for too little and she gave up in March. Now they live on their son's earnings — of R35 a week (£9) as a building worker in Vryheid, where he stays in a hostel.

The labour tenancy system under which Mr Zungu and Mr Mandonsela used to work dates to the nineteenth century. Under Nationalist rule concerted efforts were made to abolish it, as economically inefficient as well as on political grounds — that it resulted in "die beswarting van die platteland" (blackening of the countryside), as one government commission of inquiry put it.

In the 1960s and 1970s it was outlawed, by regional proclamations, although many farmers continue to operate it surreptitiously. Abolition of the system itself resulted in mass evictions which are in effect still continuing.

It has been estimated that over one and a half million farm workers have fallen victim to farm evictions, with another million threatened. And they are just one of about 10 categories of "forced removals" (the Government itself insists on describing them as "voluntary").

Other categories include: "group area" removals from one urban area to another, for reasons of ethnic purity (the removal of Coloureds from picturesque district six, on the slopes of Table Mountain, to the wastelands of the Cape Flats is a notorious example); "black spot" removals, of black freehold land owners in "white" regions to areas adjoining homelands, into which they are then "consolidated"; "urban removals" of whole townships outside white towns, into homelands, forcing blacks to become long-distance commuter workers; "ethnic removals" of residents from one homeland to another to satisfy tribal-ethnic distinctions ("unscrambling the egg," as it has been described); "strategic removals," from areas along the borders and coastline; and "infrastuctural removals" to make way for dams and roads.

According to the most exhaustive report on forced removals, carried out by the surplus people's project earlier this decade, there had been over three and a half million removals between 1960 and 1982, with another one and three quarter million under threat of removal. Researchers at the University of Stellenbosch recently estimated the number of removals between 1951 and 1986 at four million — 1.3 million of them to Kwazulu.

The significance of those figures is difficult to grasp until one goes up the dusty back roads, little travelled by white South Africa, where pitiful resettlement villages are to be found. To appreciate the injustice of it all one also needs to travel to the areas from which they were removed like Reserve 6.

Reserve 6 was a small area of the "native reserves" — established under the land acts of 1913 and 1936 — by which some 13 per cent of South Africa was allocated to the majority black population. It is a glorious stretch of verdant land, lying in a sub-tropical belt near Richards Bay, up the coast from Durban. In 1976 the Government — which wanted to develop Richards Bay as a new growth point, as part of its decentralisation policy — moved about 6,000 blacks living in Reserve 6 to a resettlement point at Ntambanana, about 45km inland.

Ntambanana is a drought area, of dry, rugged countryside. A white farmer, who went broke trying to make a living there for 28 years, has said of it: "I know what it is like trying to farm in Ntambanana. It's impossible. It is dry, thorn country with not one permanent running stream in the whole area. The soil is shallow, unfertile clay and the main river, the Enseleni, consists mostly of polluted pools unfit for humans or animals."

Today the contrast is even more dramatic. In what was Reserve 6 there are luxurious white and Indian residential areas, with street names like Geranium Place and Crayfish Crescent. I watched a weary-looking black woman pushing an ice-cream cart along the pavements, to be summoned by a little boy who came tumbling over a lush lawn — grandma padding protectively just behind — to buy himself a cone. In Ntambanana I watched children his age struggling up the hills carrying plastic containers, and pushing them in wheelbarrows, hunting for water. A small but telling detail was that in an area swarming with children the local shop — the only one for miles — did not stock a single sweet.

The Government has announced a suspension of what it called forced removals — essentially "black spot" removals. But as the tin toilets mutely testify, and the stories of people like Mr Zungu and Madonsela show, the removals go on — even if the various degrees of coercion make it arguable how "forced" they are. But even if it were to be accepted that the "suspension" announced by the Government will prove permanent (which is debatable) and that it and the abolition of influx control signals a winding down of the Verwoedian re-settlement programme (which is doubtful), the Government and white South Africa still bears the responsibility for the millions who have already fallen victim.

When one sees a girl — who could hardly have been in her teens — toiling to raise water with a plastic jug from a hole dug in a dry river bed, it is worth recalling a recent statement by the state president, Mr P. W. Botha: "We are a land of many different groups. Each with a right to protection. Each with a right to share in the prosperity of the greatest nation in Africa."

This article has been written subject to the emergency regulations imposed on the press by the South African Government.

Communist blueprint for South Africa

What would a black majority government in Pretoria be like? The chairman of the South African Communist Party, who is also head of the military wing of the African National Congress, outlines his thinking. These edited extracts are from a speech he made in London.

By Joe Slovo

LENIN, in his famous address to the young communists of the University of the Peoples of the East, said: "There is no communist book in which you will find all the answers to your problems."

He did not mean that Marxism contains no universal framework. He was insisting that its specific application has to be unendingly elaborated by revolutionaries who combine a grasp of its essence with a profound study of their own concrete situation and their struggle experiences. If, today, the South African Communist Party can look back with pride at its contribution to the struggle, it is precisely because its history, with all its ups and downs, is a reflection of this process. It is a process which did not unfold in a vacuum, and, more especially, it is one which cannot be separated from the emergence and growth of the African National Congress and the relationship which developed between the Communist and national movements.

What explains the special intensity with which the relationship between our two organisations is now being savaged by Botha and his friends? It is partly because even the most pig-headed of our opponents have begun to realise that, sooner or later, they will have to reckon with the ANC which, in the eyes of the greater part of the black population, has little, if any, competition as the alternative power in our land. Since there is no way in which the ANC can be put aside, the only remaining option is to divide it, to change it from within and to blunt the edge of its revolutionary nationalism. The device used is as old as the comic book itself; a crude projection of foreign-controlled "reds" (some of them naturally colonels in the KGB!) manipulating so-called nationalists. And in their book, of course, a true nationalist is someone who, even when faced with a gun, never gives up his begging bowl; one who is ever-ready to provide a docile black face as a front for maintaining the kind of Western interests and values which have for so long ravaged our continent.

The alliance between the Communist Party and the ANC has no secret clauses.

Those who know something of our history will also know that cooperation between the ANC and the SACP began long before they were both driven underground. During the days of legality neither Communists who were also active in the ANC nor ANC members who were active in the CP had reason to hide their political identities.

But, at the end of the day, it is not our anonymity which they fear but rather our publicly-proclaimed policy positions on the main content of our struggle, the forces which need to be gathered to bring it to fruition, and the beacons we have illuminated of a South Africa which is liberated in the true meaning of the term.

In general, capitalist exploitation and race domination are not symbiotically linked. But the historically-evolved connection between capitalist exploitation and racist domination in South Africa creates a natural link between national liberation and social emancipation; a link which is virtually too late to unravel. An increasing awareness of this link by more and more of our working people is evidenced by the growing popularity of our Party. It was also dramatically emphasised in a recent poll (reported in the Financial Mail 20.9.85) in which 77 per cent of urban blacks expressed themselves in favour of socialism.

In South African conditions you don't have to be a doctrinaire Marxist-Leninist to believe that a liberation which deals only with a rearrangement of the voting system and leaves undisturbed the white race-monopoly of 99 per cent of our major productive resources is no liberation at all. All you have to be is an honest black nationalist to understand that political domination has been the device to protect economic privilege and domination. This perhaps explains why, in our conditions, it has been such a short hop from black nationalism to communism for some of the greatest figures in our national movement.

The main thrust and content of the immediate struggle continues to revolve around the Freedom Charter which provides a minimum platform for uniting all classes and groups for the achievement of a non-racial, united democratic South Africa based on the rule of the majority. Implicit in such a democratic victory will be the immediate need to begin directing the economy in the interests of the people as a whole. This must obviously involve immediate state measures on the land question and against the giant monopoly complexes which dominate mining, banking and industry. In practice, the question as to which road South Africa will begin to take on the morning after the liberation flag is raised over Union Buildings will be decided by the actual correlation of class forces which have come to power.

But we are not there yet, and the most important task facing us all — communists and non-communists — is to complete this part of the journey.

It is imperative to create the broadest possible front of struggle against the racist autocracy. And a front, by definition, contains disparate forces. The ANC-led liberation alliance, representing the main revolutionary forces, is clearly the key sector of this front. But, particularly in the recent period, the crisis has thrown up a variety of other groupings (including recent defectors from the white laager) which favour a far-reaching shift away from apartheid, but which do not necessarily share the ANC's more radical objectives.

At the same time, there must be no ambiguity about the primary place which the ANC occupies and, broadly speaking, the immediate future can only be positively determined under its umbrella. We therefore reject the oft-repeated claim by Botha and some of his Western allies that, in relation to those who represent black aspirations, the ANC is merely one among equals. This is a device designed to weaken the main propellant of the coming transformation so as to ensure that a form of power sharing will be apportioned in a way which will not lead to a real loss of control by those who wield it at the moment.

Even within the narrower confines of what could be described as the main revolutionary force, we should not overlook the fact that it represents an alliance of different classes and strata (overwhelmingly black) which suffer varying degrees of national oppression and economic exploitation. And although they may all subscribe to the slogan of People's Power, they cannot be expected to share exactly the same vision about its content and the future.

Unlike the ANC, which does not and should not commit itself exclusively to the aspirations of a single class, the SACP owes allegiance solely to the working people. And it is our prime function both as an independent party and as part of the alliance to assert and jealously safeguard the dominant role of this class whose aspirations we represent.

The fate of the minorities (by which is really meant the white minority) looms larger than ever in the pronouncements of those who for so long have been impervious to the fate of the majority. Our policy, and, more importantly, our practice, has been consistent with the opening words of the Freedom Charter that "South Africa belongs to all who live in it — black and white". We believe that this can only be assured in one united South Africa based on the will of the majority. This is our irreversible starting point.

Equality must be between individuals (if need be safeguarded by a constitutional mechanism) and not between race or ethnic groups as such. Ethnic parity is a recipe for ethnic domination.

How do we reconcile the need to begin bringing about changes in the relations of production in the direction of economic egalitarianism, and the need to meet people's economic requirements and expectations? We believe that, in the long term, there is harmony between these two imperatives; indeed the one is a necessary condition for the other.

For some while after apartheid falls there will undoubtedly be a mixed economy, implying a role for levels of non-monopoly private enterprise represented not only by the small racially oppressed black business sector but also by managers and business people of goodwill who have or are prepared to shed racism. If the political domination of the old ruling class is ended and the new state apparatus is constructed within the framework envisaged by the Freedom Charter, the existence of a mixed economy "controlled" in the words of the Charter "to assist the well-being of the people," will facilitate rather than hinder the continuing drive towards a socialist future; a drive which, within a truly democratic framework, could well be settled in debate rather than on the streets.

In the meanwhile, mass political struggle coupled with an intensification of revolutionary violence remains the imperative.

The argument is advanced that a wounded economy will be an obstacle to peaceful reform of the system; a process which they claim will be more assured in conditions of economic stability and growth.

If anything, our experience of the last 20 years proves the exact opposite.

In the further alternative, we are also told by those who constructively engage on the side of the regime, that their opposition to real sanctions is motivated by a desire to avoid inflicting suffering on the very blacks whom they wish to help. As we know, the objects of their so-called concern are overwhelmingly in favour of sanctions and, in any case, are heartily sick of being told, yet again, what is good for them by those unable to shed an imperial mentality. Can there be any doubt that the people whom Reagan and Thatcher would really like to help are the Bothas? Their stance has nothing whatsoever to do with the balance of suffering, but everything to do with the balance of profit.

The fiction in the middle

PRETORIA'S swift retaliation against token Commonwealth sanctions even before they are applied should not be allowed to divert attention from the real issue, which is its unrelenting assault on the rights of blacks inside the country. Put slightly to one side the flurry of outward and visible measures. Look behind them, inside South Africa. Nothing, not even the state of emergency and what it was imposed to conceal, makes quite such a mockery of Mr Botha's continuing promise of reform as a scrap of land with the invented name of KwaNdebele. This is one of ten reserves totalling 14 per cent of South African territory, set aside as repositories of the political rights of the country's 74 per cent African majority. They have yielded little more substantial than a rich harvest of quotation marks, having been known successively as "bantustans,, then "homelands" and now "national states." Four have been given a travesty of "independence" unrecognised by anyone outside (and millions within) South Africa. On December 11, KwaNdebele is to become the fifth to have "independence" thrust upon it. The ten overcrowded enclaves are the keystone to Grand Apartheid. The imminent, induced delivery of KwaNdebele at this highly sensitive stage in South African history thus proves that the ruling Afrikaner Nationalists are lying in their teeth when they claim apartheid is on its way out — legalised miscegenation and desegregated post offices notwithstanding.

The fiction is that KwaNdebele, cobbled together in northern Transvaal 10 years ago, is the "national state" of the Southern Ndebel tribe. But less than 40 per cent of the residents, often compulsorily shipped there from the townships to live in camps (remember the promise to end forced removals?) are Ndebele, the rest being a hotch-potch from other tribes. There was much local violence early this year when the district of Moutse was forcibly added to it. The area is populated mainly by Pedi tribespeople who ethnically belong to the neighbouring Sotho "national state" of Lebowa. But Lebowa wisely refuses "independence" and Moutse was therefore tossed into the lap of Mr Simon Skosana, the "chief minister" of KwaNdebele, as a reward for "electing independence" on Pretoria's urging. The ensuing political and tribal upheaval has already cost many lives.

The opportunity offered by the annulment of some emergency provisions in the courts (rapidly and contemptuously overturned by executive action) enabled journalists to take a rare look at KwaNdebele. They reported a carnival atmosphere, marking the mysterious death in a car-bomb explosion of Mr Piet Ntuli, the "minister of the interior" and driving force of the Skosana puppet government. Seldom seen without pistol, sjambok and private army of bully-boys, the odious Ntuli had become such an embarrassment to Pretoria that its clandestine involvement in his convenient demise was suspected by some, on the grounds that a home-grown Idi Amin nurtured by the whites would not be a good advertisement for separate development. Assuming that the death of its chief torturer does not providentially abort "independence" for the second time (it was adjudged unready two years ago), the birth of KwaNdebele will deprive its "citizens" within and without its boundaries, of South African nationality. Mr Botha's undertaking to restore that dubious privilege to "national-state citizens" with long residence in the Republic has been fulfilled in such a miserly and convoluted way that one would in any case have little confidence in his other promises. But KwaNdebele is a full-blown reversion to the purportedly outmoded apartheid design of Dr Verwoerd. This cynical piece of hypocrisy is an insurmountable challenge to those who still insist against all reason on believing in Mr Botha's goodwill.

The hooligan season opens

HERE we go again. Second week of August, second day of second Test match, television screens still cooling down after Mexico, many holidays still to be taken. And we're off. The football hooligan season has opened with a novel variation on the theme, a considerable punch-up on the high seas, on a ferry heading for the Hook of Holland from Harwich. Better than on dry land, all but those responsible for the ferry and the unfortunate non-brawlers among the passengers might say.

It is hard to prevent feelings of weariness dominating those of outrage. There is a dreary inevitability to all of this; only the right-wing MP Mr Peter Bruinvels demanding that the offenders should be birched seems more predictable than the fact that the fighting itself takes place. Somehow a sizeable number of followers of several different English football teams ended up on the same boat. All of them, it appears, were heading for pre-season "friendlies" in which

Richard Boston, page 3. Report, page 24.

Liverpool, Manchester United, West Ham and Everton are warming up against various continental styles. The only crumb of comfort from this latest outbreak of violence is that the English "supporters" concentrated on beating the hell out of each other rather than saving their energies for European grounds.

It is particularly unfortunate after the Heysel event of 15 months ago that Liverpool followers were on the boat. There was some feeling after a relatively peaceful last domestic season that consideration might soon be given to readmitting English clubs to European competition. Clearly that prospect has now disappeared for a long time it must be hoped. We dare not, for the foreseeable future, risk English football supporters following their sides abroad. The ban on playing abroad will presumably now be extended to "friendly" fixtures, and should be. We owe it to our continental friends and neighbours to keep the English disease at home.

That is simple, and sad, enough. But now the North Sea events can only be taken as an early warning for the domestic season which begins all too soon. Remember the Downing Street crisis meetings? And the promises made by the football authorities? And Popplewell? Nothing very much has happened, and nothing has changed. Mr Richard Tracey, the sports minister, said that the brawlers were idiots and would "break" football. He's right, but we need more from him than dire repetitions of the obvious.

August extremism in Ulster

IT MAY seem a fairly cheap accomplishment from here, but the success of Mr Peter Robinson, the MP for East Belfast and deputy leader of Mr Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party, in getting himself arrested, bailed and scheduled to appear in court in the Irish Republic has been acclaimed by his supporters and has ensured that August, 1986, shall not go unremembered in Northern Ireland for many a long year. (He even has a murder conspiracy up his sleeve.)

No event in the Province can ever be said to have ended, because it lives on through its anniversaries. Internment was introduced in 1971 and abandoned in 1975, yet it was marked as freshly in West Belfast on Sunday as though it were still in full operation. Eleven years hence, unless something very remarkable has happened in the meantime, the villages south of the border will prepare themselves on August 7 for the re-enactment of Mr Robinson's derring-do at Clontibret. For a bystander — the security forces can afford no such luxury — the only way to get through July and August in Northern Ireland is to pretend that they do not exist, and that the year has only ten months for the serious business of restoring peace.

During the weekend the churches in Northern Ireland have done what is so frequently uged upon them and issued a joint appeal against the prolongation of the current violence. It has had no effect so far, and the reason is unfortunately too clear. The churches' appeal is by definition made to people of goodwill; it can have no impact on those who are actuated by malice, among whom must be numbered the Provisional IRA on one side and the likes of Mr Robinson on the other. (The two are unlikely to come into direct conflict: they are too useful to one another). British politicians commonly invoke the ordinary decent majority of Unionists, and although such people exist in large numbers it is their misfortune to be saddled at election time with representatives who are either ineffectual or brimful of prejudice. There is nothing in Ireland that necessitates this grizzly dichotomy. If there were, the Republic would not enjoy (its involvement with the North apart) such a placid existence.

Where then, amid this turmoil, are the leaders of the Official Unionist Party, who alone could bring some sense of proportion back into the Loyalist ranks? If they are on holiday they can hardly be blamed, but that is not the only reason for their collective silence. They sawed off the bough they sat on when they disowned all responsibility for events after the Hillsborough agreement. Having totally opposed any possible agreement in advance they complained that they had not been consulted about the details. That is a wholly illogical position, and no progress can be made until they retreat from it. In other words it is now time for them to stop sulking. It is obvious that nothing is being planned to their detriment by the Anglo-Irish conference, which is an instrument uniquely capable of improving the Nationalists' position without detracting from that of the Unionists. But the Unionist leaders have come to believe their own propaganda. In truth, July and August are a wicked, hopeless time to advance any serious proposition for Northern Ireland. They are months set aside for the ugly extremes. But they will end, and the chance will then arise to wrest the Unionist leadership from hands into which it has fallen by default.

Toy soldiers who became military monsters

By Humphrey Hawksley

HUMPHREY HAWKSLEY, Sri Lanka correspondent of The Guardian and the BBC, who has been covering the country's ethnic crisis for the past eight months, has been ordered out of the country. The authorities informed him that his residence visa, which expired on August 1, would not be extended and he was told to leave immediately.

FEW countries have undergone such a violent upheaval in the past few years as Sri Lanka, which was once known for its idyllic beaches, but is now more famous for the havoc wrought by its bloody Tamil civil war.

It is not so much the political line of the Sri Lankan government which has blackened the island's reputation. The issues are too complex for that. It is more the consistent stream of atrocities allegedly committed against Tamil civilians by the country's security forces. These have caused an international outcry and have suddenly thrust this Indian Ocean paradise under a microscope more often reserved for militarily-controlled Latin America or tribal Africa.

The behaviour of the Sri Lankan army is one of the many aspects of this complicated crisis, but it is one which will figure prominently during any peace negotiations and may simmer as a problem for years to come.

The Tamil separatists are claiming the northern and eastern provinces as their independent homeland. It won't be granted, at least not under the present peace initiative. But both India, the mediator, and President Jayewardene seem determined to succeed in implementing the government's offer of provincial autonomy to the Tamils.

If they do, law and order under the newly-created provincial assemblies would be controlled mainly by a locally-recruited police force, and not, as it is now, by the Sri Lankan army. Although a token force might remain, most of the troops would have to be withdrawn to barracks in the south. If they stayed, there would be no chance of peace. The question would then arise as to how to keep busy thousands of soldiers who have been trained in some of the most sophisticated anti-insurgency techniques and who, only now, are beginning to taste the success of battle.

"We had to learn from scratch and we made a lot of mistakes," said one senior officer. "We are still a long way from being Nato standard, but we are getting better."

The Sri Lankan army was not formed for combat, but for parade ground ceremonies. Even during the second world war, the Allies did not call upon it for any major operations. Its one taste of action before the Tamil war started was against a large, but ill-equipped, band of Communist insurgents in 1971. That rebellion was put down swiftly and brutally, but with foreign help.

An assortment of strange bedfellows has been called upon to help Sri Lanka fight its current insurgency. Israel, China and Britain have supplied patrol boats to guard the coastline. Italy has sold a squadron of six Siai-Marchetti light attack aircraft, which caused an outcry when they bombed heavily populated Tamil areas earlier this year. South Africa has shipped over about 30 of its armoured personnel carriers, especially designed to deflect explosions from landmines, which are the most effective weapon of the guerrillas.

More than 20 American Bell helicopters have been bought through the international arms market in Singapore. Israeli anti-insurgency experts have been used as advisers. Up to 2,000 Sri Lankan troops are been trained in Pakistan at any one time.

A shadowy firm known as Keeny Meeny Services, based in the Channel Islands, has been training an elite unit of police commandos, the Special Task Force. The firm uses Western mercenaries, many of them former members of the SAS, who are paid between £2,000 and £3,000 a month for their work.

No official figures are published on numbers in the armed forces, but there are eight regular battalions with another eight reserve battalions ready to put against up to 5,000 guerrilla fighters. A 4,000-man navy is used to patrol the narrow Palk Straits across which the guerrillas ship arms and men from southern India.

The police number about 20,000, with another 7,000 being recruited by the end of the year. On top of this, there are several other militias. The Ministry of Youth Affairs and Employment is providing military training to several thousand youths in what is called a manpower mobilisation scheme, the 700-men of the mercenary-trained Special Task Force, considered to be the most skilled military unit, is directly responsible to the President's son, Mr Ravi Jayewardene, who acts as a security adviser.

Because of the communal nature of the war, the government forces are recruited very much along communal lines — the men waging the insurgency campaign are Tamils, the soldiers deployed against them are Sinhalese. In the north, which is nearly all Tamil, the army is considered an army of occupation.

Young Tamil men travelling on routine business say they are terrified when they are called out for identity checks. They are made to stand in line, their hands on their heads. The young Sinhalese soldiers who carry out the checks are also terrified. They could be shot at any moment or blown up by a mortar or landmine.

It is usually after such guerrilla attacks, that the young soldiers, in a mixture of anger, panic, or simply cold-blooded communal revenge, murder innocent people. The government has often ordered top-level investigations into alleged massacres, but the results have never been made public. No soldier has been court-martialled for his part in an atrocity, but about 300 have been dismissed.

In 1981, two regiments were disbanded because of mutinous rumblings among the men. There are reports of such rumblings now.

"In the few years since the crisis really hotted up," said one retired officer, "we have created a monster in our security forces. It is a necessary monster because we have to fight terrorism. But can we control it when Lanka eventually returns to peace?"

Le Monde ENGLISH SECTION

Berlin wall no deterrent to far-flung refugees

By Henri de Bresson

BONN — As a curtain-raiser to the campaign for the legislative elections due in January 1987, Western Germany's conservative parties are trying to dispell the summer doldrums by reactivating their clamour to tighten up the country's laws governing the granting of asylum.

They have been handed a peg to hang their campaign on by the number of refugees demanding asylum in West Germany, a number which has appreciably increased during this holiday period exactly as it did last year. The record for the largest number of entries in a single month — 9,178 — which was reached last year in August, was beaten this year in July (9,710). The statistics for the first few months of the year seem to indicate that 1985's total of 73,000 refugees will be exceeded this year, though it still falls far short of the absolute record of 107,818 posted in 1980.

The problem of people seeking political asylum, which has acquired a larger dimension in the past two years, is not peculiar to the Federal Republic. As a result of measures taken more or less everywhere else in Europe to curb immigration, it is tempting for professional rings engaged in channelling immigrants to exploit the loopholes in European laws. West Germany, along with the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands, has been an especially favoured target.

With a few rare exceptions, a person presenting himself at the country's border and demanding asylum cannot in fact be sent away before his case has been examined by the relevant federal office, whose findings can be legally challenged. It is not unusual therefore for repatriation procedures to drag on for years.

The West German authorities put these refugees into three broad categories — people whose political motives are recognised; people who, even without obtaining certification as refugees, are tolerated out of principle (like Eastern bloc nationals) or because of doubts concerning their situation in their countries of origin (Iran, Afghanistan); and finally, people who are regarded quite simply as economic refugees, especially those coming from Turkey, Ghana and the Indian sub-continent. The distinction between the last two groups, however, is often blurred, as is shown by the case of Sri Lankans and Lebanese. This is what is fuelling the controversy between the champions and opponents of any modification of the system.

For many years now, West German governments have been tempted to get around the problem by tightening up conditions for obtaining visas or by requiring airlines not to sell tickets without such visas. But here they come up against rings specialising in getting people into Western Europe, such as those operating out of the Indian sub-continent and Turkey, and they are becoming increasingly better organised. Finally, there is the longstanding problem of Berlin through which roughly half these people transit. Recent weeks have seen a sharpening in the dispute between the German Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic, which is accused of encouraging this situation to keep its airline Interflug's planes filled and even to force the West to recognise the boundary between the two parts of Berlin as an international border.

An Iranian journalist working in the FRG who recently went on an assignment to Turkey reported that on his return flight via East Berlin's Schönefeld the Interflug plane he was in was packed with Iranian refugees. On their arrival they were herded together and taken by coach to the Friedrichstrasse station, the crossing point between the two Berlins. The trip had been organised by people-runners operating pretty openly out of Turkey. According to the journalist, there are between 60,000 and 70,000 Iranians waiting now in Turkey for trips to various destinations.

The problem of Iranians, 2,340 of whom arrived in West Germany in July alone, is on the way to taking over from the problem of Sri Lankan Tamils whose influx (17,000 in 1985) has been practically stopped as a result of the GDR's decision last summer to require that people departing from Colombo should have visas for the FRG. That decision has never been extended to other groups.

Threats that conservative West German political circles have been making against the GDR in recent weeks — like the threat to review credits or the special trading agreements between the two Germanies — have fallen on deaf ears. As a matter of fact, such action could cut both ways; and nobody in the government could seriously consider jeopardising the sacrosanct inter-German relations because of refugees. In an interview that the daily Die Welt published on August 8, Chancellor Helmut Kohl indicated that Bonn would stand by the existing agreement, but added that "further progress in relations is naturally more difficult so long as the GDR cooperates with the flow of aysium-seekers."

The controversy has above all helped to dramatise the internal debate on the need to revise the procedure for accepting political refugees in West Germany. Long a champion of tighter immigration controls, Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann (Christian Social Union) has so far never succeeded in overriding FDP reservations and imposing his views. In a highly inflammatory document published in the Bavarian Christian Social Party's official publication Bayernkurien, Zimmermann said that the present situation opened the door to "millions" of refugees into the Federal Republic. Reviving the debate on amending the Constitution, he considered that its vagueness was tantamount to giving "each of the 5,000 million human beings on the earth the right to stay on West German territory, at least temporarily."

Determined to exploit the situation and turn it into a major campaign issue in the coming elections, the CSU has partly succeeded in recent weeks in getting Chancellor Kohl's Christian Democratic Party leadership to tilt towards it. Wolfgang Schauble, minister of state at the Chancellor's office, declared his support for amending the Constitution. However, this is tricky ground for the coalition. In June the Free Democrats went along with a tightening up of the procedure for processing demands for asylum, but the vast majority of them are not prepared to call into question a right they consider fundamental.

(August 10/11)

Several hundred young conservatives belonging to Chancellor Helmut Kohl's Christian Democratic Party were involved in a tense encounter with East German border guards at the weekend in protests against the Berlin wall, built 25 years ago this week.

West Berlin police said that about 200 young people, most from West Germany, crossed the demarcation line, hurled fireworks and stones, and tore down an East German flag.

British military police detained a man, aged 30, who started a fire on the wall near the Reichstag building.

East Germany will not attempt to stem the flow of Third World refugees entering West Berlin despite appeals from ranking West German officials, the State-run ADN news agency said. "There is no reason for East Germany, as a transit land, to refuse the right of transit to foreigners merely because they want to go to West Berlin," ADN said.

France, Great Britain and the United States have already protested to the USSR, the fourth Power guaranteeing the status of Berlin, over the large number of people transiting westwards through East Berlin in search of asylum.

Signs of weariness among ETA's terrorist leaders

By Thierry Malinlak

BILBAO — How difficult it is to please both God and Caesar south of the Pyrenees. Once again France is having to learn that bitter truth. Reviled yesterday in Madrid and showered with praise in Bilbao, here it is now showered with praise in Madrid and reviled in Bilbao. While all the political parties in Madrid unreservedly applaud France's tough attitude towards ETA and its sympathisers, in Spain's Basque country on the other hand nationalists — even moderate ones — are protesting or dissociating themselves from Madrid. In one month some 30 cars with French registration plates have been set on fire by a mystery "Refugee Aid Committee".

So here is France once again dragged into a quarrel which has nothing to do with it, a controversy which is in fact Spanish or, to be more precise, Basque-Spanish. Bilbao's political forces are, in fact, using the dispute over France's new attitude towards ETA to air their own disputes: is there a purely police solution to the Basque problem? Or should there be negotiations with ETA? Is the autonomous charter that the region has been given sufficient to socially isolate the most hardline nationalists? These in fact are the real issues of the debate which has been steadily splitting the Basque country for the past ten years, but which has now flared up, via France, more virulently than ever.

Nobody is surprised that ETA sympathisers inveigh against France's new policy. "The French and Spanish States, with their hysterical anti-ETA obsession, are giving off a malodorous repressive stench," wrote the radical daily Egin, which is widely read in the Basque country and not only by the "fanatics" of the armed struggle. That these same circles consider Paris and Madrid will not crush ETA in this way will come as no surprise either. The leaders of the Herri Batasuna coalition, which is close to ETA, and whose share of the vote rose to ten per cent at the last elections, are sure of this and ask: "How is Madrid going to explain to public opinion that ETA is bringing off its most audacious coups in the capital while France has supposedly neutralised its principal leaders? How is it going to explain that the Socialists are losing votes in the Basque country and Herri Batasuna is gaining them, while they make out that ETA is more and more isolated?"

What the Socialists in Madrid hardly expected to see was the PNV (Basque Nationalist Party), which commands majority support in the region, and the autonomous Basque government of Vitoria which it controls, also backing away sharply from them. José Antonio Ardanza, the president of the Basque government, has openly expressed his "scepticism" about the "repressive line" and published a communique asserting his intention "never to rule out recourse to dialogue and negotiation."

"The Socialists think the French measures will be enough to break up ETA," says Jesus Inxausti, president of the Vizcaya province PNV. "But it is not by creating martyrs in the eyes of some members of the public that you're going to isolate ETA socially. If you don't understand that you fail to understand what's happening here. We maintain what we have always been saying: a political problem means a political solution and a political solution means negotiation."

Negotiating with ETA: that's the bone of contention. The PNV has been calling for such negotiations even more strongly since the last elections which saw the radicals increase their share of the vote at the expense of the moderates in the "big nationalist family". In addition, the internal crisis in the party with a "critical" sector inclined to go even further in its anti-Socialist line can only prompt the PNV to stand publicly aloof from Madrid. Especially as the "critics" are only saying out loud what many in the party are secretly thinking when they bluntly point out: "No nationalist will ever be happy to see a Basque, whatever he is, turned over to the Spanish State police."

But electoral competition from the Herri Batasuna and dissent from party "critics" cannot explain why the PNV is pressing so insistently, if not for negotiations, at least to talk to supporters of the armed struggle. The time is considered right. Many in Bilbao, even among them ETA sympathisers, who feel tiredness is beginning to show in ETA's ranks, and that some of its leaders are asking themselves whether they should not break out of the stalemate and have done with this endless and absurd succession of killings.

Given this situation, should the government agree to talk to facilitate a shift away from violence or rather should it really force ETA to surrender unconditionally? This is the question on which Socialists and Basque nationalists cannot agree today. The thumbs-down that Madrid gave the discreet offer of negotiations made by the ETA leader Txomin (who was expelled recently to Gabon by France) has finally convinced the PNV that the Spanish Socialists are definitely banking on bringing the Basque organisation to its knees.

Nor are the Socialists denying this. Ricardo García Damborenea, secretary-general of the Socialist Party in Vizcaya province, says so outright: "The social rehabilitation of terrorists not involved in blood crimes is as far as our political offer goes. . . , If the PNV is arguing for negotiations, it is because it hopes they will help it obtain compensations from Madrid on the question of autonomy. It's the old ambiguity: the nationalists condemn terrorism, but hope to take advantage of it."

But the fact is, in the final analysis, the PNV's "ambiguity" still seems to mirror that of a substantial segment of the Basque population in this region where the exclusive attachment to its own interests hardly appears to have been weakened eight years after the approval of the Guernica charter granting autonomy to the Basques, the result of a "historic agreement" between the Madrid government and the PNV. More and more nationalist voices are being heard today in Bilbao and Vitoria calling for the agreement to be reviewed.

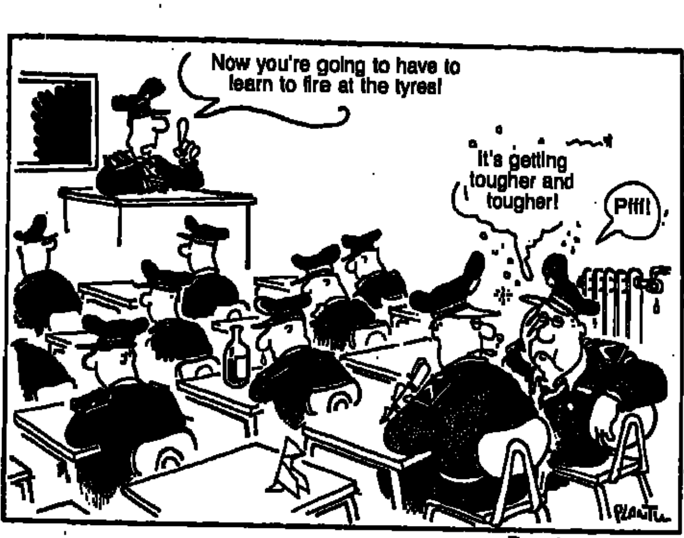
Those who champion this viewpoint say that the artificial extension throughout Spain of the system of granting autonomy has resulted in levelling down the powers of the two "historic nationalities", the Basque country and Catalonia, the only ones where autonomy really made sense. Why not, they ask, conclude another agreement with Madrid which, while staying within the limits set by the Constitution, would take better cognizance of the individuality of the Basques and Catalans and enable the Basque problem to be settled once and for all.

In Madrid, though, all this is dismissed as irrelevant to the struggle against ETA. Nothing is less certain, retort the nationalists who feel that the degree of autonomy and the elimination of violence always go hand in hand in the Basque country. Behind the controversy over the French attitude towards people pandering to ETA, it is indeed the whole future of the region that is once again being debated in Bilbao.

(August 10/11)

The circumstances in which a 24-year-old motorcyclist, William Normand, met his death in the Paris suburb of Fontenay-sous-Bois continues to fuel controversy. The reconstruction of the incident on Tuesday evening last week at the very spot it took place in no way helped to clear things up. Henri Garaud, the lawyer defending the 23-year-old policemen who shot the motorcyclist in the back, now claims there is a case for a plea of "justifiable subjective self-defence". The lawyer retained by the dead man's family, Francis Terquem, commented: "I don't understand this idea of justifiable subjective self-defence. What I do know is that William is objectively dead." One of the more disturbing allegations made in the case — that the policemen walked up to the dying motorcyclist and sprayed him with tear gas — was not enacted during the reconstruction. After the reconstruction, the policemen, Eric Laignel, was set free under judicial control. Coming a mere three weeks after the incident on the Rue de Mogador in which another young man — this time driving a small car — was killed by a riot policeman, who is also pleading justifiable self-defence, this new incident has touched off a wide-ranging debate on what are called police *bavures* "slip-ups".

Pasqua gave police 'carte blanche'



Drawing by Plantu

By André Fontaine

SO HERE we have a policeman remanded for a "slip-up". Let's say, he is paying for others. His confusion when he saw the body of the young man he shot at says enough in fact to show that, as the charge puts it, he "did not intend to cause death." His arrest was nonetheless necessary considering how the mood has deteriorated lately and it is important to change this as quickly as possible.

What is serious in this state of affairs is the far-too-widespread tendency to jump to conclusions without knowing the facts. Here in France a person is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty. Charles Pasqua (Interior Minister) was right to demand that no exceptions be made in the case of policemen. But we are entitled to demand that no exceptions be made either for their victims. Now in the Rue de Mogador case as in the Fontenay-sous-Bois incident, the police's first reaction was to make the dead men out to be scoundrels. Even if this was indeed the case it was no excuse at all. Unless the idea was to justify the claim made by SOS Racism — and it is quite preposterous until proved otherwise — that the death penalty has in practice been restored . . . and without trial.

People being what they are, we cannot unfortunately rule out the hypothesis of X or Y, policemen by profession, killing for the sake of killing or, if you like, to set an example, as people say. It is obvious, though, that in the vast majority of regrettable slip-ups, the immediate cause is to be sought not in intentions but in nervousness.

The nervousness is understandable, and those who are quick to routinely inveigh against the police because they are, so to speak, allergic to them should sometimes take the trouble to put themselves in their place. Contrary to the widely held belief and without going back to the centuries when, as Jean Delumeau has shown so well, fear was present everywhere, insecurity has diminished considerably today. But it is precisely because it has become relatively rare that we find it harder to reconcile ourselves to it.

Formerly, insecurity was as it were part and parcel of everyday living. Today, in a Western world which believes it has averted the inevitability of wars and developed a vast system of protection against most risks, the risk of violence seems quite unacceptable. We find it hard to believe that half a century ago Mussolini was wildly cheered when he called on his fellow Italians to "live dangerously". Today security is on the lips of everybody from Gorbachev to Reagan, from Le Pen to Marchais.

The unfortunate fact remains, however, that unemployment has left many people, especially the young, without money and facing desperately empty days. Whence the overpowering urge to succumb to the violence that television lavishly offers them. And on top of this, terrorists coming in from the heat, when they are not quite simply home-grown, see no special reason for leaving France out of the sphere of their deadly activities. The conclusion is that the security which we all so cherish needs to be defended. And people have to take the risk putting their own security on the line in order to guarantee ours.

These people are entitled to expect a minimum of understanding from those who take few or no risks. But all too often policemen find themselves caught between the segment of the public which blames them for doing too much and another which would like them to do more; squeezed between those who are instinctively inclined to see them as "fascists" and racists, and others who, prompted by opposite reactions, imagine that a bigger show of force would quickly eliminate all forms of crime. At any rate, many policemen feel they would get a better deal from the public if the press talked less about their slip-ups and more about the price — ultimately very steep — they are paying for preserving law and order.

Obviously this is what prompted Charles Pasqua, the moment he moved into the Interior Ministry, to practically give an undertaking to cover his troops. He must realise today that they were particularly unwise words, considering that the instinctive reflexes of some people lead them to interpret this as an invitation to lash out. Now the fear of brutal treatment at the hands of the police has every chance of prodding offenders either to run away and risk being shot in the back, or shoot first. This can only widen the longstanding gulf between those who favour law and order and those who prefer justice, even if the contemplation of justice is "the pleasure of God alone", as Rimbaud put it so well.

In this area as in many others, there is no stock recipe, no "you've-only-got-to-do-this" formula, only the need at every moment to reconcile exigencies which are less irreconcilable than they may appear at first sight. For if there is no real justice without a modicum of realism, there is no true realism either without a modicum of justice.

It is of course primarily a question of the quality of men. Many policemen do their job well or very well and yet nobody talks about them. The ideal would be for all policemen to act like Patrick Cascales, who was attacked when he tried to arrest a man trying to steal from a parked car: the man drew a knife on him and Cascales first fired a shot in the air, then pistol-whipped his attacker into submission. Or the Blois gendarmes who fired a burst into the ground from their machine pistols and put an end to the exploits of an unbalanced youth armed with a shotgun. Or the GIGN (special brigade) policemen who overpowered a madman on the Ile de Ré who had been taking pot shots at tourists for a couple of weeks.

Not everybody is as cool-headed or has the same reactions, or even the same luck. Just last Saturday, at Saint-Etienne-du-Rouvray, a policeman was shot and seriously injured when checking out a car by a strange sort of security guard. And the carelessness of a motorist who abandoned his broken down car on a highway resulted in the death of a gendarme trying to direct the traffic away. The fact remains that the quality of the training and the leadership count for much in the behaviour of men. There is also the fact that the former Interior Minister, a Socialist, certainly made a mistake by generously distributing battle weapons to the police. The fact that three weeks ago in the Paris metro a 21-year-old trainee policewoman shot and killed not only her attacker, but also a passer-by justifies re-examining the issue.

In any case, let us beware of not allowing the controversy to become politicised. It would be disastrous for national unity if the left became the party of weakness in the right's eyes, and the right the party of "cops" in the left's view. Thank heavens, the Justice Minister at least appears to have understood this well.

(August 5)

Minister and the 'wagonloads of dirty money'

By Daniel Schneidermann

MICHEL JEOL, public prosecutor attached to the Paris court, has signed a petition asking the criminal division of the Court of Cassation to appoint a judge to examine the case concerning the fraudulent invoices alleged to have been made out by a Beaurepaire (Isère) printer at the request of former Minister of Cooperation Christian Nucci. It is Nucci's position as mayor of Beaurepaire that prompted the Paris Public Prosecutor's office to take this measure as Nucci "is liable to be charged with an offence" within the meaning of Article 687 of the Penal Code. (The former minister, who said he is going on holiday, has since said he is quite satisfied with the judicial procedure and that he has no intention of resigning either as mayor or Deputy.)

Daniel Ronjat, the Beaurepaire printer who was charged on July 23 with breach of trust and falsifying private or business documents, implicated Nucci by alleging it was on the latter's instructions that he made out the invoices for work which did not match any services actually provided.

These developments, which are peripheral to the case concerning the management of the public funds entrusted to the Carrefour du Développement association, are nevertheless related to the instances of misappropriation of public monies through financial "laundering". It is therefore up to the Court of Cassation, which "will give its finding within a week or so of the petition being received", to set out the limits of any future judicial inquiry. Logically, the case should be turned over to Jean-Pierre Michau, the magistrate who has been investigating the Carrefour du Développement case since May.

All the Socialist Deputies who last weekend went to visit their activists in their constituencies have returned carrying the same message. And the message is clear: enough is enough. The Socialist Party could have pardoned Christian Nucci, who was one of its most colourful ministers and is a great talker, for many things; such as his fondness for good company, his incredible naivete, and the pathetically clumsy way in which he is defending himself. But if there is one sin that is unpardonable in the eyes of a grassroots Socialist activist, it is paying party subscriptions out of public funds.

"For a militant, that's the worst thing," said Michel Sapin (PS, Hauts-de-Seine). "In a highly egalitarian party like ours this is something activists are not at all likely to understand," added Louis Mexandeau, former minister of Posts and Telecommunications. "A very, very dim view is taken of this at the grassroots level," confirmed Philippe Marchand (PS, Charente-Maritime).

While this is so, the more charitable Socialists are trying to find excuses for the former minister. "I think it's an organisational defect in his private office," opined Roland Dumas, former Foreign Minister, who drew one expert conclusion from the case: "Proof has now been provided that one must do a better job of locking up one's private office." Mexandeau went even further and wondered whether Nucci had not been drawn into a trap. "Couldn't this Chalier fellow (Yves Chalier, former head of Nucci's private office, has been talking freely about the case and implicating his former head from Paraguay where he is hiding out from an arrest warrant issued in France) have been infiltrated into his office by someone?" And François Loncle (PS, Eure) expressed his surprise at 'how little justice seems anxious to summons M Chalier."

Nobody for the moment wants to speculate on the penalties likely to be meted to the former minister. "Let justice follow its course," said Jean-Pierre Sueur (PS, Loiret) curtly. Caught off-guard by the announcement that the Paris Public Prosecutor's Office was taking "protective measures" in connection with Nucci, Socialist Deputies have been trying to canvass the legal opinions of the more learned among them. One Deputy explained learnedly before TV cameras that the procedure consisted "in fact of appointing a judge who will hear Christian Nucci as a witness." Off-camera however he admitted later: "Jéol is not a man to take a decision of this sort lightly." In short, it is more than probable that Nucci will be charged.

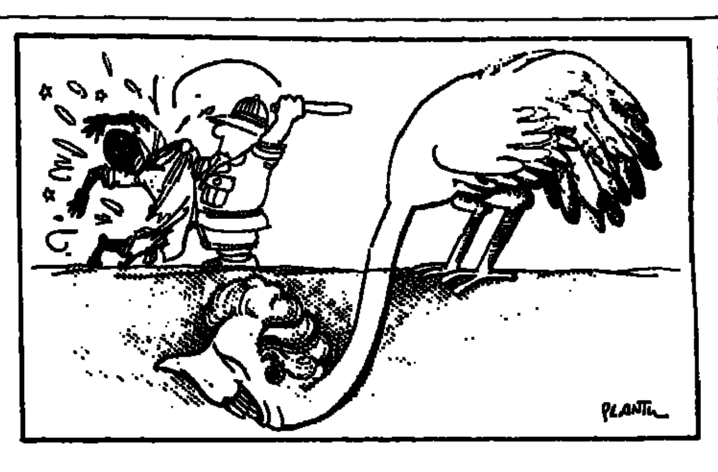
Said another Deputy: "Some of our ministers reacted to power like moths crazed by light. They behaved like the new rich, while the politicians of the right are the old rich and know how to go about things discreetly. And the Cooperation Minister was in one of the most vulnerable positions. In more than any other ministry, here he saw passing before his eyes whole wagonloads of dirty money every day. Dirty for a good cause, of course, but a secret one all the same. Then came a moment when told himself: 'Why shouldn't I?' And that was it."

(August 7)

African trade with Pretoria

Despite their condemnations of apartheid, and particularly of Britain's refusal to go along with the rest of the Commonwealth in adopting far reaching economic sanctions, most African states continue to trade more or less secretly with South Africa.

Laurent Zecchini reports



Drawing by Plantu

ONCE it touched down on the runway at Abidjan airport, the spotless white-painted Boeing carrying neither registration marks nor national flag taxied across the tarmac past the airport buildings and came to a halt in an area out of public gaze and guarded by a "cordon sanitaire" of policemen. The same sort of thing happens in the Gabonese capital of Libreville, at Kinshasa airport in Zaire, Bangui in Central Africa, Nairobi in Kenya and Mogadishu in Somalia. While these mystery planes do not pick up passengers and their movements are not announced, they do in fact belong to South African Airways (SAA), Pretoria's national carrier.

When the world conference on apartheid took place in Paris in June this year, Senegalese President Abdou Diouf made the point that where trade with Pretoria was concerned African countries were not "all blameless". In August 1984, South Africa's Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Louis Nel, put it more bluntly: "All but four African states trade with South Africa." However, there are no statistics and no proof has ever been produced of this secret trade between the land of apartheid and African states to the north.

There is little point recalling all the sanctimonious anti-apartheid declarations made by so many African presidents while busily conducting profitable trade with the "racist regime". African states have always observed a sort of implied agreement not to point the finger at "guilty" neighbours for fear of attracting public condemnation from the continent's clean consciences. Then, oddly enough, things began to change during Diouf's presidency of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU). At the last OAU summit, several speakers lashed out at African hypocrisy in raising a hue and cry against the refusal of some Western countries to impose trade sanctions against Pretoria while many African states are themselves cashing in on trade with South Africa. Congo's President Sassou Nguesso, the OAU's current president, called on Africans to "put your own houses in order" by breaking off "overt or covert" relations with South Africa.

The OAU could of course begin by setting the example itself by publishing the list of African capitals accommodating South African Airways flights. That list was presented at the last meeting of OAU foreign ministers and has since been "classified". Similarly, Gabonese President Omar Bongo, who said in Addis Ababa that he supported the Nigerian proposal to withhold landing rights throughout the African continent from all planes flying to or from South Africa and even added: "I'd say 'well done' and applaud it for Gabon has (given) none", ought to have been a bit more discreet. Apart from the "mystery" planes landing at Libreville, South Africa's Chesterfield company is building jointly with France at Leconi in southeastern Gabon, less than 100 kilometres from Bongo's own home town of Franceville, a landing strip capable of accommodating heavy transport planes. But, of course, it is true that with the good offices of the SDECE (now DGSE — the French intelligence service) at Libreville, Gabon has long enjoyed relations with South Africa.

SAA, which in theory is not allowed to overfly African countries, today stops off at Sal in the Cape Verde island of the same name at the northeastern end of the archipelago. The Amilcar Cabral international airport brings the State of Cape Verde a good percentage of its foreign earnings in the form of transit fees. Its capital Praia also serves as a venue for secret contacts between the Angolan government and South Africa.

Cape Verde, Zaire and the Ivory Coast are the only countries which have open political contacts with South Africa. Ivory Coast President Félix Houphouët-Boigny has turned himself into the promoter of "dialogue" with Pretoria — the handshake at Yomousoukro in September 1974 between the "Old Man" and Johannes Vorster, the then South African Prime Minister, is still famous. Where Zaire is concerned, the South Africans have no hesitation in pointing out that 57 per cent of Kinshasa's imports go through South African ports, as do 45 per cent of Zairean exports of copper (which account for 85 per cent of the country's export earnings), tin and zinc (60 per cent) and cobalt (40 per cent).

Since the Benguela railway line which goes right across Angola and up to the port of Lobito has been cut because of the guerrilla campaign led by UNITA (National Union for the Total Independence of Angola), Zaire's main resources which come from its mineral-rich region of Shaba are at South Africa's mercy. Zaire is the world's biggest diamond producer. On August 10, 1985 it renewed a two-year contract with Britmond, a firm marketing practically the entire Zairean output. Britmond is a subsidiary of the South African firm of De Beers (Anglo-American group) which itself markets 80 per cent of the world's diamond output.

In the Republic of Central Africa, it is again South Africans who handle the marketing of a substantial part of the country's output of diamonds (at least the diamonds which are not smuggled out) before they are cut and polished in Belgium (Antwerp) and Israel. The Angolan firm of Diamang was disbanded on July 20 and replaced by another company which will exclude any foreign (especially South African) participation.

In 1971, Kamuzu Banda, President of Malawi — it is the only African country to have diplomatic relations with Pretoria, relations that go back to 1966 — while on an official visit to South Africa criticised "those who piously vote resolutions against Pretoria when their stomachs are full of South African meat." He was not entirely wrong. Meat is among the foodstuffs that South African planes keep bringing in. The South Africans have set up a huge cattle-breeding ranch at Lobo, between Malabo and Mount Piko in Equatorial Guinea. South African products can be found on the market in most big African cities like Brazzaville, Dakar, Douala, Lagos, Lome and Kampala. Until quite recently the products were labelled "Made in South Africa" and "Cape Fruit" was considered a guarantee of quality. As a result of the international campaign against Outspan oranges and lemons, South African products have become harder to spot.

No State can guard itself against the sale of South African goods on its territory. The large numbers of importers, corrupt customs officials, fraud and wide-open borders do not permit enforcing a strict boycott. In addition, the Pretoria government has set up real trade lobbies using Asians (East African Indians) who, as they control trade in Kenya and Mauritius for example, import South African goods.

In December 1984, South African Foreign Minister "Pik" Botha went on a quiet swing through East Africa. While his visit to Somalia was confirmed, none of his other destinations was made public. The Kenyan authorities, for example, denied he visited their country. In Somalia, it was First Vice-President General Ali Mohammed Samantar who conducted the secret trade and military negotiations with Pretoria. In May 1984, he had visited South Africa. On the other hand, "Pik" Botha's December 21-23 visit to the Comores did not go unnoticed. Arriving at Moroni in a Mystère-50 without indentification markings, he was seen several times in the company of the well-known mercenary Bob Denard, alias Mustapha M'Madjiou, head of President Abdallah's household guard, which is sponsored by none other than South Africa. Denard, who has long had close relations with the Gabonese presidency, spends his time between Pretoria and Moroni, and several mercenaries under him were sent to South African in 1984 for para-commando training.

Although its relations with Pretoria are not as intense, the Seychelles too is no less dependent on South Africa for its trade and also because of the importance for its budget of the money earned from hundreds of South African tourists visiting the country ever year. Often South Africa holds a veritable fascination for African people. Some years ago, for example, Ghana had a hard time trying to prevent some of its nationals from emigrating to South Africa in search of work, especially in the Transkei Bantustan.

These economic and political ties between African states and Pretoria are above all indicative of the breakdown in attempts to promote inter-African trade. If such trade represents only 5 per cent of the total commerce, principally because of the complete absence of means of communication on the continent, the dynamism of South African industry and its low production costs. African states consequently have every reason for continuing to trade with the "enemy" despite policy inconsistencies. It was General Hashim Mbita, the executive secretary of OAU's liberation committee, who put the situation in a nutshell at the last Addis Ababa conference: "Charity begins at home."

(August 5)

Who will feel the bite of sanctions on South Africa?

In the event of drastic economic sanctions being taken against South Africa, who will be hardest hit? Western countries or Pretoria?

By Eric Fottorino

"THE PERSIAN GULF of strategic minerals" is the favoured phrase currently applied to South Africa in world capitals from Washington to Tokyo, Bonn, London and Paris. The Western world's leaders have long been impressed by the treasures hidden in the Transvaal's soil to the point of frequently repressing their slight inclinations to impose sanctions on the apartheid regime. Sitting on more than 80 per cent of the world's reserves of chrome, manganese, platinum and other platinoids (like rhodium) and more than half the gold reserves, South Africa has for many years enjoyed a sort of political immunity closely bound up with its situation as an economic partner that developed countries cannot do without.

South Africa has tagged all, or nearly all, of the metal ores it possesses as "strategic". A designation stemming from their indispensability to military and civilian industry (steel making, cars, aviation) and their relative rarity, as well as from their extreme geographic concentration in potentially hostile or unstable states. Western states consequently became doubly cautious when they realised their dependence on South Africa and — the Soviet Union. That dependence is 100 per cent for manganese and platinum.

Is there anyone who hasn't ever feared that a "war of resources" might break out one day somewhere along this Pretoria-Moscow line? But measuring the West's vulnerability by the sole yardstick of South Africa's reserves is tantamount to neglecting the speed of technological advances which in the early '80s permitted the countries of the North to reduce their dependence on strategic materials.

What prodded Western countries into methodically looking for ways and means of making sure of their "sensitive" supplies was not so much the fear of future embargoes as soaring raw material prices in the wake of dearer oil. The trend picked up momentum when cobalt prices shot up in 1978 as a result of disturbances in Shaba province (Zaire) and the Soviets decided in 1979 to drop out of the market for titanium used in building a new generation of nuclear submarines. Recovering and recycling waste and using substitutes have today taken the place of mined materials.

During the period 1979-1983, France imported only 15 per cent of its platinum requirements from South Africa. On the other hand, over half the national consumption was met by recycling catalytic wire gauze. As for gold, a sudden scarcity would probably bring the metal out of private hiding places just the way the family silver went on the market when the Hunt brothers attempted to corner the silver bullion market in 1980.

Long considered to be irreplaceable, chrome has also been demythologised in the laboratory.

Says Philippe Beutin of the raw materials department of AFME (Agence Française pour la Maîtrise de l'Énergie): "Sixty per cent of the consumption in France (25 per cent in the short term) can be substituted in case of necessity." Recent work undertaken by Usinor and Creusot-Loire shows that, in case of a shortage, eliminating manganese from certain stainless steels in general use would have "no unfavourable effect on the main properties of these steels." The special relationship France has with Gabon, through two-way participation by the French firm of Paris-Outreau and the Gabonese corporation COMILOG, producing manganese lessens France's vulnerablity where this element is concerned.

An AFME study has shown it is possible to set up a European system for producing vanadium, but in the meantime France's basic requirements are supplied from Finland, far ahead of South Africa.

Ridding itself of its dependency on South Africa is even a major concern of the United States. Texas Gulf has opened a unit for recovering platinum from catalytic crucibles, while the Department of Energy, NASA and the big automobile firms are working on developing new ceramics to replace the special steels containing "sensitive" metals that go into motor manufacture. "The United States has nothing to fear if South Africa threatens to cut off its exports of strategic ores and metals," said Joel Clark, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology expert in 1985.

In a report submitted to the Congress in January 1985, the Bureau of Technological Research showed to what extent the South African stranglehold could be broken. It is true the United States imports chrome, cobalt, manganese and platinum to the value of $1,000 million every year. But one-third of its chrome requirements could be reduced in the short term and another third at a cost of ten years of research and development.

Substitutable to a very great extent and fairly widely distributed (Zaire, Canada, Philippines), cobalt has lost its sensitive rating on either side of the Atlantic, even if it still ranks high in the US stockpile. Experts predict that manganese imports could drop by 45 per cent between now and the year 2000 as a result of improvements in steel manufacturing processes.

All these are defensive measures likely to limit Western dependence on Pretoria over the short term. Over the medium and longer term, on the other hand, it is certain that a sustained embargo on these products could once again become critical.

But such a hypothesis is hardly sustainable, pointed out Clark last year.

"The organisation of the South

Continued on page 14

The French film director Francis Girod recently completed the filming of "Descente aux Enfers" in Haiti, a country that is only just beginning to get back on its feet after a 29-year dictatorship under the Duvalier dynasty. The film, which was adapted by Jean-Loup Dabadie from a novel by David Goodis, stars Claude Brasseur and Sophie Marceau. Olivier Barrot reports on the film-makers' experiences in the Caribbean island.

Glimpse of hell in Haiti

By Olivier Barrot

THE COMMONEST banknote in Haiti is the five gourde bill, which bears the portrait of Jean-Claude Duvalier, the country's former President-for-Life. Underneath, there are words to the effect that the Bill can be exchanged by the bearer for United States currency at the rate of five gourdes per dollar. There follows the name of the printers of the banknote, a Munich-based firm.

Such unashamed alienation is rare in Third World countries, which tend to conceal their dependence behind the façade of touchy nationalism. The Duvalier regime's blithe impudence did not trouble itself with such niceties.

When Francis Girod and his team of 50 or so actors and technicians went to Haiti to shoot "Descente aux Enfers", the country had only just emerged from 29 years of dictatorship. From April to June, they were caught up in the unpredictable aftermath of Haiti's liberation, when an angry population made a determined bid to take revenge on Duvalier's henchmen.

"Descente aux Enfers" is a big-budget movie, and financial backing was difficult to find. But its producer Ariel Zeitoun (responsible for "Coup de Foudre" and "Souvenirs, Souvenirs") clearly believes in Sergio Leone's somewhat Delphic notion that "a movie should only cost what it costs." In other words, if a film's budget is trimmed too heavily, its artistic worth can suffer.

The movie tells a straightforward story and owes much of its interest to its extraordinary setting, Haiti. Both Zeitoun and Girod resisted suggestions that the film should be shot in a more accessible place, such as Corsica or even in studios near Paris.

Zeitoun has a single co-producer, La 5 (France's fifth television channel), which chipped in with six million francs (about £570,000), and has raised a further 8 million francs (about £760,000) from other sources. Zeitoun's own contribution, in the form of credits and direct financing, amounts to 11 million francs (about £1,050,000).

The ingredients of David Goodis's novel, "Descent to Hell", which is set in Jamaica, include a stormy relationship between an alcoholic and his frigid wife, a murder, and a wrongful arrest. What counts is not so much the plot, which is slender, but the atmosphere of decadence, incomprehension and tropical clamminess.

Francis Girod, whose previous films include "Le Trio Infernal", "La Banquière", "Le Bon Plaisir" and "L'Etat Sauvage", has always been attracted by books with an equivocal atmosphere. In collaboration with scriptwriter Jean-Loup Dabadie, who now seems to have emerged from his romantic period and adopted a new thriller genre, Girod completely transposed the story and made the central female character much younger.

Alain, a writer in his fifties, and his very young wife, Lola, go to Haiti to try and understand each other. The blood that is shed, the violent acts that are committed, somehow point the way to a possible reconciliation between the two. The atmosphere is reminiscent of a John Huston movie or a Tennessee Williams play.

In Girod's view, "Descente aux Enfers" is a murder story whose real subject is a passionate love affair. For the film, he has adopted a new, less sardonic approach, just as Dabadie has abandoned the affectionate irony with which he usually treats love-smitten 50-year-olds in the films of Claude Sautet he has scripted.

I asked Girod why he had insisted on Haiti as a location, when there were many other possible locations elsewhere in the Caribbean; why he had deliberately chosen to shoot his movie in a country that was in the throes of revolution, when he could have found the same sultry heat, luxuriant vegetation and tropical storms in the Bahamas, Tobago, or the islands of Marie Galante or Désirade in Guadeloupe.

The minute he read Goodis's novel, Girod plumped for Haiti — like the book's hero — because of its genuinely mysterious, idiosyncratic atmosphere, partly friendly and partly retiring and obscure, and because of its backdrop of voodooism and poverty.

When Girod decided on Haiti, it was still in the grip of Jean-Claude Duvalier's lethargic dictatorship. Corruption, infant mortality and illiteracy were rife. He first became acquainted with Haiti 20 years ago when he worked as an assistant on a film shot on the French liner, the France, which put in at the island. Girod had already hoped to use it as the location of his earlier film, "L'Etat Sauvage". He failed to obtain permission and had to use French Guiana instead. For "Descente aux Enfers", he travelled the length and breadth of the Caribbean without finding a more suitable or more extravagant setting than Haiti, the country that, thanks to the efforts of François Toussaint L'Ouverture, became the world's first black republic in 1804.

He was also attracted to the island because of the Haitians' decorative talents, displayed everywhere on the brightly coloured *"tap-taps"* (buses), and their love of music — *"konpa"* is Haiti's version of reggae.

Ariel Zeitoun had doubts about shooting in Haiti while the Duvalier regime was still in power. Then in February there was a popular uprising and the Americans deserted Duvalier. There were also summary executions and lingering pockets of revolutionary fervour. Was it wise to go ahead with shooting?

Zeitoun and Girod decided to take the plunge, and the country's new leaders welcomed them with open arms. Haiti, which is justifiably proud of its home-grown authors (Roumain, Alexis, Roy, Depestre and Metellus), has always had a minority of highly articulate intellectuals whose dialectical skills have been honed by self-censorship or exile.

One such intellectual is Aubelin Jolicoeur, a character straight out of Graham Greene's "The Comedians". An immaculately dressed dandy whose arm rests languidly on the knob of his cane, Jolicoeur keeps open house at the Olofson in Port-au-Prince, one of those majestic colonial hotels like the Raffles in Singapore or the American Colony in Jerusalem.

Jolicoeur, who received a thorough classical education and is a prominent dealer in the works of local naive painters, had close ties with the Duvalier regime. During his brief spell as a minister in the new government, when he was strongly challenged by expatriate Haitian politicians, he had time to back Zeitoun and Girod's plan to shoot a movie in Haiti, and to help organise filming from a material point of view.

True, he had been a friend of Pierre Brasseur, the late father of the leading actor in "Descente aux Enfers". And of course it was nice that France, which had kept its distance from Haiti for 29 years, should remember the existence of a country whose culture it had so strongly influenced in the past.

Brasseur has just appeared in a succession of mediocre films and returns to the stage this autumn in a Roger Planchon production. It is easy to see why he has was drawn to the passionate, tortured character of Alain.

His young wife Lola is played by Sophie Marceau, who was Brasseur's teenage daughter both in "La Boum" and its sequel "La Boum 2". Marceau can be reckoned to be worth 500,000 seats at the box office. After moving into adulthood in various films by Alain Corneau, Maurice Pialat and Andrzej Zulawsk, she now seems poised to display a new range of sensuality.

The choice of the rest of the cast reflects Girod's penchant for putting actors in unexpected roles: Marie Dubois plays a woman driven by greed and frustration; Gérald Rinaldi, the playboy member of the Charlots comedy team, is given a very ambiguous part; Betsy Blair's role refers back to her earlier performances in "Marty" and "Grande Rue"; Hippolyto Girardot plays the beautiful lover. All these are well supported by African actors like Sidiki Bakaba, Jean-Baptiste Tiemele, and Baaron.

Technical facilities are non-existent in Haiti. A boat was used to ferry a lorry carrying generators around — a vital standby in a country where there are frequent power cuts.

There were no film laboratories in the vicinity, and so no showings of rushes each evening. Girod just shot away and kept his fingers crossed. In any case, he had every confidence in the abilities of his Belgian cinematographer, Charlie Van Damme, who worked recently with such directors as Alain Resnais and André Delvaux, and this time relied mainly on natural lighting.

There were fears that the shooting of "Descente aux Enfers" in Haiti would turn out to be an ordeal like that of "Ford Saganne" in Mauritania. But they were unfounded: by bringing all their equipment with them, the film-makers greatly reduced their risks.

Living conditions were comfortable in the capital Port-au-Prince. Jacmel was a different matter: the weather was either sultry or rainy, and there were no telephones or newspapers. The revolution was still smouldering, and the French film-makers wondered what sort of reception they would get. No one in living memory had ever shot a feature film in Haiti.

The crew perked up when they got to Cap-Haitien, formerly Cap-Français, where Christopher Columbus's ship ran aground in 1492. The sea was a delight, and the French football team was sweeping easily through the early rounds of the World Cup.

Francis Girod and his team saw virtually nothing of the Haitian revolution, to which the film was allowed to make only a passing reference. But they could see the reasons that lay behind it — the poverty in Port-au-Prince, shanty towns like those in Calcutta or Rio de Janeiro, people sleeping in the streets. Street names, car number plates, and television programmes were a constant reminder of the cultural power exerted over Haiti by the United States and Canada. Slowly Haiti is learning the rules of democracy and is due to hold general elections in 18 months. "Descente aux Enfers" will be released in December.

(July 24)



Claude Brasseur, Sotigi Kuyote and Francis Girod filming "Descente aux Enfers".

Who will feel the bite?

Continued from page 13

African economy, underpinned as it is by an excessively developed mining sector open to outside markets, buttresses this argument. South Africa would perhaps become the first victim of its own uncompromising attitude if ore sales were stopped for several years. Between 1979 and 1983, the mining industry accounted for 17 per cent of the gross domestic product, compared with 12 per cent in the '50s. Metal ore sales make up two-thirds of the country's export earnings (half of it coming from precious metals). Taxes on mining company profits brought the country 29 per cent of its budgeted revenues in 1983.

It would be suicidal to deprive itself of such resources just when the foreign debt is beginning to grow and the rand is depreciating. A strategy which, if it were adopted by State President Pieter W. Botha, the mining companies would have to go along with. "Now these companies jealously defend their independence from the government," pointed out a Quai d'Orsay expert. "But business is business," noted a trader. "Despite a political withdrawal from the market, South African goods will be sold abroad via third countries."

And be recalled the Goldfinger case. Between the two world wars, South Africa decided to stop exporting gold in its raw state but to sell it only as a finished product so as to enchance its value. Immediately there sprang up all over South Africa shops selling models of the Eiffel tower cast in solid gold, and the yellow metal continued to be taken out of the country.

Finally, a long-lasting embargo would only add to the social agitation among South Africa's 700,000 miners the moment production is cut back or stopped. "Unless, of course, the government decides to buy the ore from the companies," says an observer. "But what will it do for money?"

"In fact," says Olivier Bomsell, a researcher at CERNA (Centre d'Etude et de Recherche sur les Ressources Naturelles), "the West has more to fear from Pretoria's aggressive export marketing than from its withdrawal from markets."

The way South Africa has wrested third place as a world coal exporter and its drive to win supremacy in chrome and ferrochrome sales in recent years shows that this determination is present everywhere. As the Quai d'Orsay pointed out: "Pretoria has always been solicitous of its reputation as a dependable supplier of the West." Oddly enough, the South African economy would appear to be a prisoner of its own wealth, like its customers, over the long term. "It would have to opt for a worst-case policy for it to scuttle its sales," one expert claimed. In 1966 when Rhodesia banned chrome exports to the United States, the USSR itself offered to supply Washington while GIs were fighting against the Soviets' allies in Vietnam. Botha probably remembers that.

(August 5)

The Washington Post

Russia Expected U.S. Attack, Says Gordievsky

By Murrey Marder

WASHINGTON — The London station of the Soviet KGB was placed on extraordinary alert in early 1981 by a Moscow directive stating that the United States was preparing to attack the Soviet Union, according to informed accounts of statements by the most valued British double agent ever to defect from the U.S.S.R.

According to informed sources, Oleg Gordievsky, whose defection after a dozen years as a British double agent inside the Soviet KGB was disclosed last September, told debriefers in London and Washington that KGB agents in the United Kingdom were told to gather every scrap of information that might bear on the supposedly impending U.S. onslaught.

What Gordievsky was reporting was an intelligence alert, as distinguished from a regional or global military alert. A military alert would set in train movements of Soviet forces visible to Western spy satellites and other intelligence resources. No evidence of any military moves related to this intelligence alert was detected in the West.

Headquarters of the KGB ("Komitet Gosudarstvennoe Bezopastnosti" in Russian, or committee for state security) on Moscow's Dzerzhinsky Square, according to Gordievskiy's account, gave no explanation to its startled agents in London why, how, where, or in what magnitude the attack would come. To KGB operatives in London, Gordievsky reportedly has said, the stark directive appeared to be overreaction to the unpredictable, muscle-flexing new administration in Washington, but no nation's agents can debate with the control center.

The key words in the 1981-83 directive, as identically related by British and American sources, was that the United States was "going to attack" the Soviet Union.

It is not known if these sources were quoting from the Gordievsky debriefing transcripts, or were paraphrasing what they know. There are many blanks in the Gordievsky sequence, and dozens of questions about it. For example, it could not be learned when Gordievsky told his British handlers about the 1981 order, or whether — if they knew of it in a timely fashion — the British informed the United States right away, or only much later.

Gordievsky, a KGB agent since 1962, was first recruited in 1972 as a double agent when he was stationed in Copenhagen, where he served two tours of duty. He was assigned to London in 1982, became deputy chief of the KGB station there and in June 1985, was promoted to station chief.

The British government and the Reagan administration have declined to make any comment on the information in this article or even discuss what has been disclosed in London about Gordievsky earlier.

The directive received in London, by Gordievsky's account, was neither a momentary bureaucratic bungle nor a fleeting alarm inside the world's largest espionage and secret police agency, then headed by Yuri Andropov. The order remained in force, Gordievsky reportedly said, through 1982 and until the end of 1983, when it was lifted without explanation.

While the order remained in force, on Nov. 12, 1982, Andropov became the surprise successor to the long-ailing Leonid Brezhnev as general secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, the first former KGB chief ever named Soviet leader.

From 1981 to 1983, Gordievsky reportedly said, special watches were mounted on all activities of conceivable relevance to the supposed U.S. threat: movements of VIPs, U.S.-U.K. meetings, senior officials' limousine traffic. Everything was reported to Moscow in the intelligence sweep — including a blood drive launched by the Greater London Council.

The Washington Post has confirmed a story first pieced together by BBC-TV reporter Tom Mangold and broadcast last November that Gordievsky made a sensational escape from the Soviet Union last summer, literally under the nose of the KGB, just after he was promoted to station chief and was recalled to Moscow, evidently under Soviet suspicion.

Admiring British and American intelligence experts describe the "exfiltration" of Gordievsky by Britain's MI6 as an operation as imaginative as anything in cloak-and-dagger literature. MI6 chiefs, it is said, assured Gordievsky that if he signaled from Moscow that he was in danger, all the resources of Her Majesty's Government would be drawn on to extricate him — a promise that they fulfilled.

Britain's previously most renowned double agent inside the Soviet system, Col. Oleg Penkovsky, whose information was shared with the United States, was given similar assurances under similar circumstances in 1962 when he risked a recall to Moscow. As Gordievsky well knew, the British government's inability to make good on that commitment to Penkovsky cost him his life.

The 1962 "exfiltration" scheme involved a mock mobile trade exhibit led into Eastern Europe by Penkovsky's intermediary and courier, British businessman and intelligence agent Greville Wynne. Both Penkovsky and Wynne were caught. (Wynne was released in a spy swap in 1964.)

MI6 is said to have been much more imaginative in the Gordievsky case, and even hoped to extricate Gordievsky's wife and two daughters, whom he left behind. Sources said the plan involved transporting Gordievsky by land, air and sea, but details of his escape are still top-secret. American intelligence experts suggest the escape may still be confounding a furious KGB, and if so, could be usable again in some form.

The 47-year-old Gordievsky has been under "deep cover" since his double career was disclosed in London last September. The immediate rebound was expulsion of 31 Soviet officials and reporters from Britain, and the reciprocal expulsion of 31 British officials and reporters from Moscow.

The British are known to consider Gordievsky an unusual defector in many respects, not only for his lengthy service as a double agent. The British reportedly were impressed that Gordievsky had not broken with his homeland out of pique or for materialistic reasons, but sincerely came to believe that the Soviet system was wrong, and that his espionage work might help to change it.

Gordievsky, it has been confirmed in Washington, was a unique source of information in preparing President Reagan for his summit meeting with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in Geneva last November. CIA Director William J. Casey, with the personal blessing of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the president's close friend, met secretly with Gordievsky in Britain about six weeks before the Geneva summit, sources said.

Casey's prime interest then evidently was Gordievsky's firsthand knowledge of Gorbachev, his wife, and senior aides; their personalities, habits, idiosyncracies and operating style. As deputy KGB station chief in London, Gordievsky helped to prepare Gorbachev's visit to Britain in December 1984 — three months before he became Soviet leader — and worked with the Gorbachev party throughout its British trip.

Last February, it has been learned, Gordievsky was brought secretly to the Washington area for several days of debriefing by senior officials of the National Security Council, the State and Defense Departments, and U.S. intelligence agencies. Information acquired in those debriefings has been shared selectively with some senior officials of the Reagan administration, sources said, but even many high-level officials with extensive experience in East-West relations are still unaware of the contents of these debriefings, and

Continued on page 16

U.S. Oil Companies Go Their Own Way In Angola

By David B. Ottaway

LUANDA, Angola — Lavish parties are rare events here, but the U.S. oil company Conoco decided to fete its arrival in this war-torn country on June 28 in unforgettable style. It took over the newly renovated Panorama Hotel on an island across the bay here, hired two African bands, invited 400 of the capital's political and social elite and staged an all-night bash. Nearly the entire government showed up.

In this manner did Conoco, a subsidiary of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. based in Wilmington, Del., "take the dive," as its resident manager, Jack Blackshear, put it, into the uncertain political and economic waters of Angola with a $60 million commitment to explore for offshore oil.

Increasingly, American firms are ignoring the public admonitions of the Reagan administration "to think about U.S. national interests" before coming here. They are going forward, too, despite threats from U.S.-backed guerrilla leader Jonas Savimbi, who already has attacked the Angolan facilities of the oil giant Chevron.

One of the continuing paradoxes of this African bush war is America's conflicting political and economic investment here. While the Reagan administration is supporting Savimbi's guerrilla struggle by sending him sophisticated U.S. weapons and other covert aid, American oil industry titans are squarely on the other side of the struggle.

They are pumping the bulk of the oil — 285,000 to 300,000 barrels a day — that provides the Marxist central government with 90 percent of its foreign exchange, the wherewithal to stay in power and pursue its attempt to crush Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA).

This glaring contradiction in U.S. interests in Angola has not gone unnoticed by Savimbi or his conservative Republican backers in America, who have launched a campaign against Chevron and its Angolan subsidiary, Cabinda Gulf Oil Co., by pressing the Reagan administration to forbid U.S. business operations here.

Even as Conoco was busy setting up shop this summer in the coastal village of Ambriz, 60 miles to the north, Savimbi was spelling out in an interview with Washington Post reporter Patrick Tyler far to the south his restrictive terms for a live-and-let-live relationship with American oil firms. "If they are making business as usual, we can't interfere," he said. "The French are making business, but they are keeping up their contacts with us. So we cannot say that we are going to attack the French interests, if they don't make politics."

Savimbi had only belligerent words and sharp warnings for Angola's biggest producer here, Chevron, America's second largest international oil company, which he accused of lobbying against UNITA in the United States and of refusing to make contact with him. He acknowledged in the interview that, in early April — only a month after he returned to Angola with his first shipment of U.S. military aid — his guerrilla forces had attacked Chevron's Cabinda Gulf Oil.

The UNITA attack on an abandoned Chevron pipeline in northern Angola was a deliberate attempt to punish the company for statements one of its officers had made in Luanda in support of the government. Savimbi also said that Chevron must stop making "big statements" in support of Luanda, that it must approach him privately ("We are not asking them to make any public statement," he said) and that it must give him assurances the company will not block UNITA efforts to win more U.S. aid. In addition, he said, it must keep a low profile, as the other oil companies have. But if Chevron continues "insulting us — then we hit, then we hit. We say it is a wrong thing — you shall not . . . do that!" he said.

In Luanda, however, where another reporter visited during July, the American general manager of Cabinda Gulf, Will M. Lewis, was taking anything but a low-profile position. By funneling aid to Savimbi, he said, the United States is "backing the wrong guy here."

He advocated dumping Savimbi and urged Reagan administration officials to improve their relations with the Luanda goverment. "If they would just establish diplomatic relations and get an embassy here," he said. "Don't they have diplomatic relations with (Marxist) Mozambique?"

Lewis also was critical of the administration's decision to freeze all loans and guarantees from the U.S. Export-Import Bank to American companies doing business here until Luanda resumes negotiations on a Cuban troop withdrawal from Angola and stops making war on UNITA. The decision has forced Cabinda Gulf to turn to the French government for financing to develop a new offshore oil field capable of producing an additional 60,000 barrels a day for Angola, about a 20 percent increase.

Cabinda Gulf officials say it will take $160 million to $180 million to fully develop the new Numbi field, which lies about 12 miles offshore. "We're just cutting the U.S. market out here," said Lewis,

Continued on page 17

THE COMMON
Haiti is the fiv
bears the po
Duvalier,
President-
there arr
the Bill
bearer
at t
dol
th

ashington Post

A DEAL

Oil Peace, Gulf War

SAUDI ARABIA has once again reversed its basic oil strategy, and that reversal now makes the new OPEC agreement possible. It's the third in a series of Saudi switches that in recent years has largely set the price of oil throughout the world.

Several years ago, in an earlier OPEC agreement, the Saudis promised to cut their production as far as necessary to keep prices up. By last summer, Saudi production was under 2·5 million barrels a day — one fourth the level of four years earlier — and they evidently saw themselves being forced down toward zero. At that point they changed plans, swinging around to flood the market, push down prices, punish the marginal producers and encourage the industrial world to buy more. Currently their production is up to 6 million barrels a day, and it's being sold for less than $10 a barrel, one third the price at the beginning of the year.

Now the Saudis have told their OPEC partners — a mixed collection of their friends and their enemies — that they will drop production to 4·3 million barrels a day. That's just halfway between last summer's output and this summer's. With their smaller friends and clients along the Arab western rim of the Persian Gulf, they will absorb most of the production cuts by which OPEC hopes to lift the price of its oil back up over $15 a barrel.

What was the Saudis' motive in making this concession? The best guess is that they didn't want to incur the political risks of a further fall in prices. There has always been a split between the conservative Gulf Arab states with their small populations and their vast oil reserves, and the other OPEC countries with large populations, less oil and a desperate need for foreign exchange. That split widened with the Iranian revolution and the surge of religious radicalism that it represented. It widened further with the outbreak of the Iran-Iraq war, in which the Gulf Arabs have been supporting Iraq. Although the details are not yet clear, this latest OPEC agreement is surely interwoven with the diplomacy of that war. It seems to be part of a deal limiting the direct military threat to Saudi Arabia and the oil trade.

Saudi Arabia is in a dangerous part of the world, but despite its purchases of American arms, it has very little actual military power. For its security it relies on the skillful manipulation of a resource that is crucial to the economic stability of the rest of the world. In this case, for its own protection, it has acceded to a compromise with its enemy Iran. But OPEC has never been good at maintaining production quotas, and this truce is likely to be only temporary — like the security that it buys. The agreement is evidence of rising concern among the Arabs that Iran will eventually win the war. OPEC's decision last week is a reminder of the war's implications for the price that the world pays for its oil.

The Dollar About Right

THE DOLLAR has been swinging up and down in the foreign exchange markets — but mostly down. The long slide that began 18 months ago is continuing. In that time the value of the dollar, measured against the currencies of other countries with which this one trades, has come down about 30 percent. How far is far enough?

At the peak of its rise, in early 1985, the dollar was grossly overvalued, and that overvaluation severely distorted the economy. It penalized American producers by making their exports too expensive to compete abroad, and it penalized them again by making imports too competitive here. But now, generally speaking, the dollar is just about where it ought to be. Against most foreign currencies, it is now worth just about its true value in the goods that Americans buy and sell.

Of all the world's currencies, the three that have the most importance to the dollar are the Japanese yen, the Canadian dollar and the West German mark. Canada and Japan are this country's leading markets for its exports, as well as the leading sources of its imports. Germany does not rank as high in American trade, but its mark has become the principal currency not only in European trade but in transatlantic finance. In American foreign exchange markets more dollars are exchanged for deutschemarks than for any other currency.

The U.S. dollar still appears to be overvalued against the mark, but only by a small amount. Against the yen and the Canadian dollar, it is now in just about the right range. Since a Canadian dollar buys only 72 U.S. cents, there have been murmurs in this country that it too is low. But the test is its value in traded goods, and Canada is heavily dependent on its exports of primary commodities — things like wheat, oil and gas. The low prices of its commodities is reflected (entirely properly) in the exchange rate of its money.

The U.S. economy is not running as well as most Americans would like, but the price of the dollar is no longer contributing to the trouble. At its present level, neither American producers nor their foreign competitors have grounds to complain. The dollar is just about where an ideal foreign exchange rate system would put it. There is no longer any reason for the government to try to push it down, and there is not yet any reason to try to push it up. The dollar has arrived at that point, long sought, at which both traders and government officials ought to regard any substantial movement in either direction as unwelcome.

Russia Expected U.S. Attack

Continued from page 15

even of the fact that they occurred.

Informed sources said that few of the relatively small number of specialists in East-West affairs in the U.S. government have been fully briefed on Gordievsky's information. These sources questioned whether the administration has undertaken a comprehensive study of Gordievsky's information at the policy-making level.

Gordievsky's information is being analyzed in the National Security Council, the CIA, State and Defense, and other agencies, sources said. The level of attention being given to Gordievsky's reports, however, is markedly lower in Washington than in London and other Western capitals, where the most experienced specialists on the Soviet Union are said to be analyzing it with fascination for the light it may provide on the early 1980s, the most chaotic years in Soviet history in at least a generation.

Senior officials in the Reagan administration were operating on the premise, or conviction, that it was the United States that was being "tested" by a threatening, aggressive Soviet Union at the outset of its first term — not the other way around. Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr. publicly called for "going to the source" of Marxist-suppported guerrilla warfare, and explicitly held the Soviet Union and Cuba responsible for what was happening in Central America.

Haig wrote in his memoirs that he was attempting to shock the Soviet Union — but not attack it or Cuba. The Washington Post has previously reported that on three occasions during his brief tenure as secretary, Haig unsuccessfully pressed his colleagues in the administration to blockade Cuba with American naval vessels. The Soviet Union has troops and bases in Cuba, and warships and other vessels in the Caribbean, where the United States did mount a major show of force in the early 1980s.

At the same time, apart from Reagan's own challenging anti-Soviet talk, the secret guidance from Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger telling the U.S. military to prepare forces to "prevail" in a nuclear war became public, and a trillion-dollar buildup of American military power was under way.

In its own empire, the Soviet Union faced an unprecedented and volatile challenge in Poland. The decrepit Soviet leadership debated not only whether, but when, it dared risk invading Poland to suppress the workers' Solidarity movement and keep Poland in the Soviet camp as Washington issued repeated, dire warnings about the consequences of a Soviet invasion.

Many senior administration officials scoff now as they did then at the suggestion that the Soviet Union was genuinely alarmed by U.S. military moves or public statements, or that Moscow had any justification for feeling vulnerable. The "war scare" in the Soviet Union in 1982-83 was deliberately engineered for propaganda purposes, these officials maintain — a pretext to create a siege mentality in the Soviet Union, and to frighten the outside world about U.S. intentions.

America's allies, however, had apprehensions of their own about where the Reagan administration was headed, according to West European officials.

Many Western specialists, including some with access to Gordievsky's reports, attribute Soviet anxieties in the early 1980s to genuine apprehension about Reagan administration policy and a tactical decision to exploit that real concern, primarily for domestic purposes and only secondarily for external purposes.

Many analysts suggest that an important factor working on the Kremlin in those years was the maneuvering for position inside the Soviet hierarchy during Brezhnev's last illness (he died in November 1982), Andropov's illness and his death in February 1984, Konstantin Chernenko's demise on March 10, 1985, and his succession by Gorbachev, a protege of Andropov.

The Soviet leadership referred in public — in terms that baffled many Western officials — to a grave international situation. On Nov. 7, 1983, for example, Politburo member and former Leningrad Communist Pavty boss Gregory Romanov — who was to emerge as a major rival of Gorbachev in the struggle for leadership — grimly stated in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses: "Comrades, the international situation at present is white hot, thoroughly white hot."

Last February, Gorbachev told the 27th Communist Party Congress: "Never, perhaps, in the postwar decades has the situation in the world been as explosive and hence, more difficult and unfavorable, as in the first half of the '80s. The right-wing group which has come to power in the United States and its fellow travelers in NATO have turned away from detente to a military policy of force."

Some Western alaysts of the Soviet Union said alarmist rhetoric like Romanov's and Gorbachov's is more understandable in light of accumulating new information, including Gordievsky's revelations. One West European specialist with access to Gordievsky's debriefings offered this interpretation of Soviet behavior:

After years of acting on the belief that the United States under presidents Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter had acknowledged that the Soviet Union had achieved true superpower status, and expecting Reagan to conduct a foreign policy not unlike that of Nixon, the Soviets were caught off guard by the new Republican administration.

A series of hardline statements and actions from Washington alarmed the Kremlin: the new administration's denigration of past arms control agreements or future negotiations; emphasis on development of a rapid deployment force that could be sent all over the globe; redeployment of mothballed battleships and then using one to bombard Beirut; and more, all with the acquiescence of Congress.

There were also developments in American strategic policies that also caused Soviet concern: vastly increased budgets for weapons, authorization of deployment of MX missiles and development of Stealth bombers to penetrate Soviet airspace; new nuclear-armed Pershing and cruise missiles in Western Europe targeted on the Soviet Union.

Altogether, in this analysis, Moscow — which traditionally operates on worst-case assumptions — may well have seen the Reagan administration as not only determined to force the Soviets back from their hard-earned superpower status, but perhaps even to attack it.

Soviet alarm may have hit its peak in 1983, this analyst suggested, when Reagan unveiled his Strategic Defense Initiative, using such grandiose terms to describe it that Moscow may have concluded it was much closer to fruition — and thus to a profound transformation of the strategic balance — than Reagan would admit.

By 1984, this analyst said, Soviet panic had begun to fade. A careful second look revealed the complexity of SDI. Reagan himself abandoned fierce rhetoric and made overtures to Moscow, and calmer assessments began to come in from Soviet embassies abroad.

This specialist emphasized that his analysis was based on available information and his own hypotheses. Some other analysts in the West dispute the validity of any attempt to fill in all the blanks in Kremlinological reconstructions of the perceptions and actions of Soviet leaders.

In any event, veteran Soviet specialists said, the information Gordievsky brought to the West provides considerable raw material for new attempts to comprehend where the Soviet Union has been — and where Gorbachev is trying to take it.

Chernobyl Repairs Going Slowly

By Celestine Bohlen

MOSCOW — Discipline and supply problems are slowing the restoration of the damaged Chernobyl power plant, the Soviet Communist Party newspaper Pravda reported last week. Cement is lacking to complete the entombing of the No. 4 reactor, crippled in the April 26 explosion, and at local cement plants, workers are idle, "hanging around with nothing to do."

"Work on the construction of the walls of the 'sarcophagus' is going slower than desired," said Pravda. Two of Chernobyl's four reactors are scheduled to go on line in October; the third will remain shut down for some time.

Pravda said the problem of slowdowns and "passivity" had been taken up at a meeting of the party committee of Pripyat, a settlement that once housed most Chernobyl workers. "Winter is not far off," Pravda noted, "time will not wait." Power from the Chernobyl reactor will be needed to provide heat during the harsh Soviet winter.

"It is inadmissible under the pretext of extraordinary circumstances to endure inefficiency, disruption of plans . . . or to discard experience built up over years," party members said at the meeting, according to the Pravda report. The harsh criticism reflects a new urgency about the encasing of reactor No. 4, a task that until recently has been described mostly in heroic terms.

By late June, workers had finished a key project that involved laying a new concrete slab under reactor No. 4. The work had required the digging of a 400-foot-long tunnel up under the reactor's base. But reactor No. 4 must be completely encased before operations can be resumed at reactors No. 1 and No. 2.

Pravda also aired criticism over delays in the construction of new housing at Green Cape, a settlement being constructed near Kiev for Chernobyl workers. Building is slow, mistakes were made in the planning and not enough attention was given to social services institutions, Pravda said.

Angolans Tell Of Massacre By UNITA Guerrillas

By David B. Ottaway

CAMABATELA, Angola: They came, several hundred strong, in the early morning hours to this old Portuguese-built farming town in the rolling hills of north central Angola and caught the sleeping villagers by surprise.

As Josefina Antonio Kaponte tells it, the attackers went on a rampage, ransacking homes and government buildings, blowing up one of the town's two water towers and a gasoline service station and killing civilians indiscriminately.

Kaponte, her aging mother and 30-year-old daughter were ordered to line up outside her mud-brick house while the guerrillas emptied its two rooms of the family's clothes, food and pans. At the last moment, her husband bolted through a rear window and hid in a nearby banana grove.

The last thing Kaponte remembered before she passed out from shock was the sound of gunfire as the guerrillas opened up with their Soviet-made AK47automatic rifles. Her mother and daughter died instantly, Kaponte said, and she survived the bullet that ripped through her abdomen.

The attack on Camabatela began at 4:30 in the morning, and by the time the guerrillas left four hours later, 107 villagers lay dead, including the Methodist pastor, Diogo Pascoal Antonio, and four of his children, according to local authorities. Later, 13 of the 75 wounded who were taken to the hospital at Uige died from wounds inflicted by bullets, machetes and knives.

At least seven, and probably many more, of those who died belonged to a 30-man village militia of youths and other able-bodied men who managed to protect one water tower and several parts of the town from being overrun.

By all available accounts here — from villagers, from the Catholic priests living in a nearby mission and from government officials — the massacre at Camabatela on Feb. 8 was the work of guerrillas fighting under the banner of Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola.

For the Reagan administration, which in March began providing American arms to UNITA, Savimbi's guerrillas are heroic anticommunist "freedom fighters" dedicated to establishing a democracy in Angola and eliminating the Soviet and Cuban influence there. To the people of Camabatela, however, UNITA guerrillas are simply known as kawachas (roosters, a symbol on the UNITA flag), or "terrorists" and "puppets" of the South African government, which serves as the de facto government in neighboring Namibia, a vital launching ground for guerrilla and South African troop incursions into Angola. Villagers say the guerrillas have brought misery and economic paralysis to this agriculturally rich coffee and banana-growing region.

Jeremias Chitunda, head of UNITA's delegation in Washington, denied that the rebel forces had killed or terrorized civilians in Camabatela. He said that about 90 UNITA rebels had driven out the government troops stationed there and that, during the fighting, 40 soldiers were killed and 11 rebels died. UNITA rebels stayed for three days.

A few days after they left, government troops returned to avenge their defeat, he said. "They killed and tortured a lot of civilians to intimidate the population, to get as much information as possible concerning UNITA, and to prepare the stage for their own version of what happened," Chitunda said. "It was a carefully orchestrated ploy."

If UNITA guerrillas carried out the massacre here in Camabatela, their motive is still being debated by the survivors. Mario Benjamin, the assistant commissar, or mayor, of Camabatela, is sure that UNITA was responsible. He believes the guerrillas were "trying to show to the people that the government cannot defend them" and to "create a big confusion" so they can "force people to go into the woods with them".

In an interview, the Army chief of staff, Col. Antonio dos Santos Ndalu, accused UNITA of assaulting villages where there are only civilians and no soldiers to defend them. "We can't be in every village in a country this size. It's impossible," he said. A half-dozen residents interviewed during a two-hour visit to the town all told similar stories of being rousted from their beds and ordered out of their homes. They said they then stood helplessly as the guerrillas hauled away their animals, food and clothes.

The killing of civilians appeared to be random, witnesses said. Antonia Manuela Pedro escaped death because she was sleeping in a nearby field guarding the family crops. When she heard the shooting, she ran back to the town. There she found the body of her husband, one of their children and her husband's sister. Two other children — a baby she had slung on her back on the day of a reporter's visit and 4-year-old Pedro Antonio — survived, although Pedro was slashed with a knife during the ordeal.

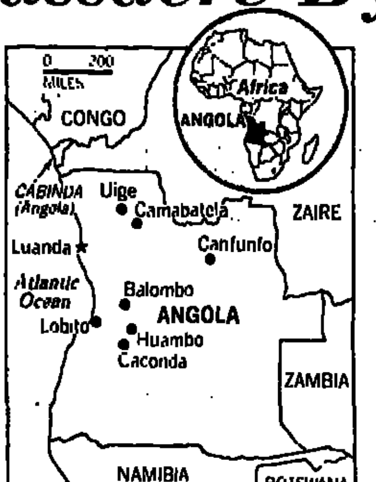
Townspeople said some died trying to flee, others fell as the guerrillas broke into their homes and still others, like Kaponte's family members, were lined up outside their homes and gunned down.

Camabatela is close to the Dembos Forest, which was a stronghold of the ruling Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) when it was fighting against the Portuguese colonial army from 1961 to 1974. The town's 5,800 residents were a mixture of members of the Kimbundu tribe, who strongly support the MPLA government in Luanda, and the Bakongo tribe, who are divided in their loyalties.

Both the government and UNITA are vying intensely today for the support of the northern Bakongos, whose rich coffee-growing homelands have now become a battleground between the central government forces and Savimbi's guerrillas. UNITA partisans operating in this region are mostly from other tribes whose homelands are hundreds of miles to the south and east. The guerrillas sustain themselves, according to the allegations made in this village and by government officials, by pillaging food and supplies.

The government rarely has allowed reporters to visit alleged massacre sites. This reporter was the first outside journalist allowed to visit Camabatela and interview survivors, more than five months after the event. The visit was permitted in an obvious effort to convince the American press that Savimbi's guerrillas have committed atrocities and are not worthy of U.S.support.

Part of this effort includes a government film that recorded, on the day of the alleged massacre, the carnage at Camabatela. It is a grisly documentary. There are close-ups of badly slashed and mutilated bodies, fatal gunshot wounds and the women and children who were slain. The film's



sound track recorded the wailing lament of a village woman standing watch over a row of bodies. The film was shown on Angolan state television. The government also produced a booklet of photos from Camabatela to hand out to visitors.

Western diplomats and other foreigners based in Luanda say they believe UNITA has been responsible for a number of atrocities committed against the civilian population. But they add that they usually are unable to confirm government allegations, due to restrictions on travel to the interior.

One westerner who said he had seen evidence of an earlier massacre is German businessman Chris R. Hellinger, an entrepreneur who is trying to reopen a diamond mine at Canfunfo in eastern Angola. In a Feb. 3 letter to President Reagan, in which he pleaded not to send any U.S. aid for Savimbi, Hellinger said that he "personally saw a mass grave of over 280 dead people" who he said had been massacred by UNITA forces during an attack on the mining town in late 1984.

"I mention this to you Mr. President not for propaganda or other reasons but because I personally have seen this destruction and my company and my staff have been involved in these specific attacks," Hellinger said in his letter.

Other wanton deeds for which UNITA guerrillas are blamed by both the Luanda government and foreign relief agencies are the injuries inflicted on thousands of peasants by land mines. UNITA officials allege that the Angolan Army also sows land mines in disputed areas.

The mines are planted by the hundreds in village farmlands, dirt trails and roads in the north, and particularly in the south-central highlands of Angola. In the highland provincial capital of Huambo, the Geneva-based International Red Cross has opened a factory to manufacture artificial limbs and an out-patient service to train land-mine victims how to use them. Each month, 60 Angolans at a time come to be fitted for artificial feet and legs.

But the number of new land-mine victims increases by more than 50 every month, according to Gerard Peytrignet, assistant Red Cross director in Luanda. Two other factories to manufacture artificial limbs are being planned to cope with the demand.

In the Huambo region, where the fighting has been the fiercest and gone on the longest, there are 6,000 to 8,000 victims wearing, or waiting to get, an artificial limb. Countrywide, the number of war-maimed Angolans waiting for artificial limbs is 23,000, according to Ndalu.

The main reason for this unusually high number of maimed people, according to U.N. officials and western diplomats stationed in Luanda, is the attempt by UNITA to disrupt food production in government-controlled areas of the country as part of a larger campaign to bring the economy to a halt and thereby force the central government to negotiate with it.

Because antipersonnel mines have been planted in the fields used to grow staple and export crops and on the paths leading to those fields from the villages, peasants sooner or later abandon their plots and flee to the towns and cities for food and protection. "Heavy injuries, especially of the lower extremities, are caused by the systematic use of antipersonnel mines dug into the fields and rural access roads," said Gerd Merrem, the chief U.N. representative, in a February report on the situation in Angola.

If the widespread use of land mines is part of UNITA's strategy, there is bountiful evidence that it is working. Food production has been falling steadily. Only 300,000 tons of food, less than half the nation's needs, were produced last year, and crops this year are expected to yield no more than 240,000 tons.

At a meeting in April of potential donors for an emergency assistance program, the Luanda government put the number of "totally destitute and mutilated persons" needing food at 600,000, an increase of 100,000 over a year ago. It warned that the figure probably would have to be revised upward. It also asked for help in feeding the 2 million people now crowded into the country's urban centers, half of them around the capital.

The United Nations Office for Emergency Operations in Africa has included Angola on its list of the most severely affected nations on the continent, and the Luanda government has appealed to the international community for $93 million in relief assistance. A U.N. official in Luanda said there had been little response so far to the new, larger Angolan request for emergency aid. In part, he said, the government had been slow to prepare its request and donors had not had time to respond.

Even if the aid comes, however, it is not clear that supplies can be distributed into the interior. The Red Cross has 5,000 tons of food in the port of Lobito but cannot transport it inland by train or road because the government cannot spare the manpower to provide a military escort. Meanwhile, the government has halted Red Cross relief flights to the central highlands until further notice because of military operations there.

U.S. Oil Companies Go Their Own Way

Continued from page 15

explaining that if the French export-import bank, known as COFACE, provided the financing, Cabinda Gulf would have to do business with French rather than American firms.

Cabinda Gulf, with a $1.3 billion investment here, has 80 existing contracts with other foreign, mostly American, companies for services needed to run its offshore wells, which are currently producing about 180,000 to 200,000 barrels a day. "We're talking about a $200 million market here a year and we're cutting the United States out. French and British companies are taking the place of American companies. They are just raking it in because we can't deal with U.S. companies. They can't come up with the financing."

Chevron has just completed negotiations to maintain a 49 percent interest in partnership with the Angolan government in two concession areas farther offshore than its present fields, which stretch 18 miles out from the Cabinda coast. It has committed itself to drilling 15 to 20 new wells, which cost about $6 million apiece, according to officials of the state-run oil company, Sonangol.

Chevron and Conoco are not the only well-known American oil firms doing business here. Texaco is the operator of one offshore field and has a stake in another. It has just invested $100 million more in exploration and the development of two new finds and has a commitment to drill at least four more wells, Sonangol officials said. Tenneco and Arco have expressed interest in bidding on exploration rights for another block of offshore waters, according to Sonangol director general Herminio Escorcio.

Scores of American service companies and banks have a stake in the expanding oil industry here. Citibank and Bankers Trust both have helped finance the expansion and Arthur D. Little, the Boston-based consulting firm, provides advice to Sonangol. Other industries also are seeking Angolan business. The Equator Bank, a Bahamian company headquartered in Nassau and with a U.S. office in Hartford, Conn., is negotiating with local authorities in Namibe Province, in far southwestern Angola, to set up a joint company that would export fish, marble and salt.

In the oil sector, the Angolan government has adopted an "open door" policy toward western companies despite its Marxist-Leninist ideology. It is not insisting on a majority share — the stake it holds in Cabinda Gulf — in new exploration and production ventures in the still largely unexplored coastal waters. Nearly 2 billion barrels of oil already have been found there.

External Trade Minister Gaspar Martins said the Marxist government had no difficulty working so extensively with western firms. These firms are providing most of the $756 million scheduled to be invested in the expansion of Angola's oil sector this year. "We're not dogmatic. We look at the systems of the world and decide what is applicable to Angola," he said in an interview. "There is a good dose of pragmatism in our actions to solve problems."

Martins defended Angola's preference for trade with the West, where it currently does 80 to 85 percent of all its business, despite the government's close political ties with the Soviet Union and Cuba: "This is where the market is, where we sell and where we buy. We want technology from the West. There is no reason why this shouldn't continue."

One question being debated among western businessmen and Angolan officials is whether Savimbi really intends to follow a business-as-usual policy toward the oil industry if the companies do not lobby their governments to oppose aid to him. His guerrillas this year have heavily infiltrated the Cabinda enclave, where Chevron is based, and moved into the Soyo district just below the Zaire River where many of the other oil companies, including Texaco, are working.

To help protect Soyo from attack, the Soviet Union has sent in more advisers to bolster Angolan army units stationed there, and some reports say they are building their own base in that strategic corner of the country.

A MAN OF LETTERS, Selected Essays, By V. S. Pritchett, Random House. 305pp. $19.95

Gentleman Of Letters

By Stephen Koch

I HAVE a little confession to make about V. S. Pritchett. Although he is, by general consent, the most distinguished, humane, best read and most readable critic of literature now writing in England and maybe America too, your reviewer has difficulty reading him — *when he appears in magazines*. I admire Pritchett increasingly. When I read his work in books, I sink with a sigh into the enchantment of his mind. Yet before the critical prose of V. S. Pritchett in one of the magazines he writes for — *The New York Statesman, The New Yorker, The New York Review of Books* — I become as one suddenly struck down with selective dyslexia. Let's say the latest issue has Pritchett on Nabokov. I pick up the magazine and — no go. My eyes will not move. By the end of column one, the final all-powerful flame of readability has flickered out.

This has nothing to do with dyslexia, or the (high) readability of V. S. Pritchett, and everything to do with the nature of journalism, including what the reader is holding at this moment, literary journalism. Pritchett sees himself as a literary journalist par excellence. I do not, though each of these beautiful and sometimes magisterial essays first appeared in some magazine. Any number of literary Englishmen of his generation — Malcolm Muggeridge, Graham Greene — are far more gifted for journalism. Muggeridge makes history news. Prichett has no news sense at all: it is his sense of the past that is impeccable. Everything becomes golden history at his touch. And history is not for magazines.

The life-force of newsprint is urgency. In this wonderful book we find the most literary of Pritchett's essays, meditations on George Eliot and Max Beerbohm, Nathanael West and Benjamin Constant, and many others. They are seemingly effortless products of a wonderfully masterful intellect. Every thought is magisterial, far more penetrating than it seems, sometimes miraculously lucid. Stepping into these essays is like getting into a Rolls-Royce of uncertain vintage and gliding away, barely hearing the purr of the engine that is still flawless. The essays are never modish, usually too modest, and almost never wrong. But there is never any urgency at all. *They do not date.* An essay written in 1944 is indistinguishable from one written in 1984.

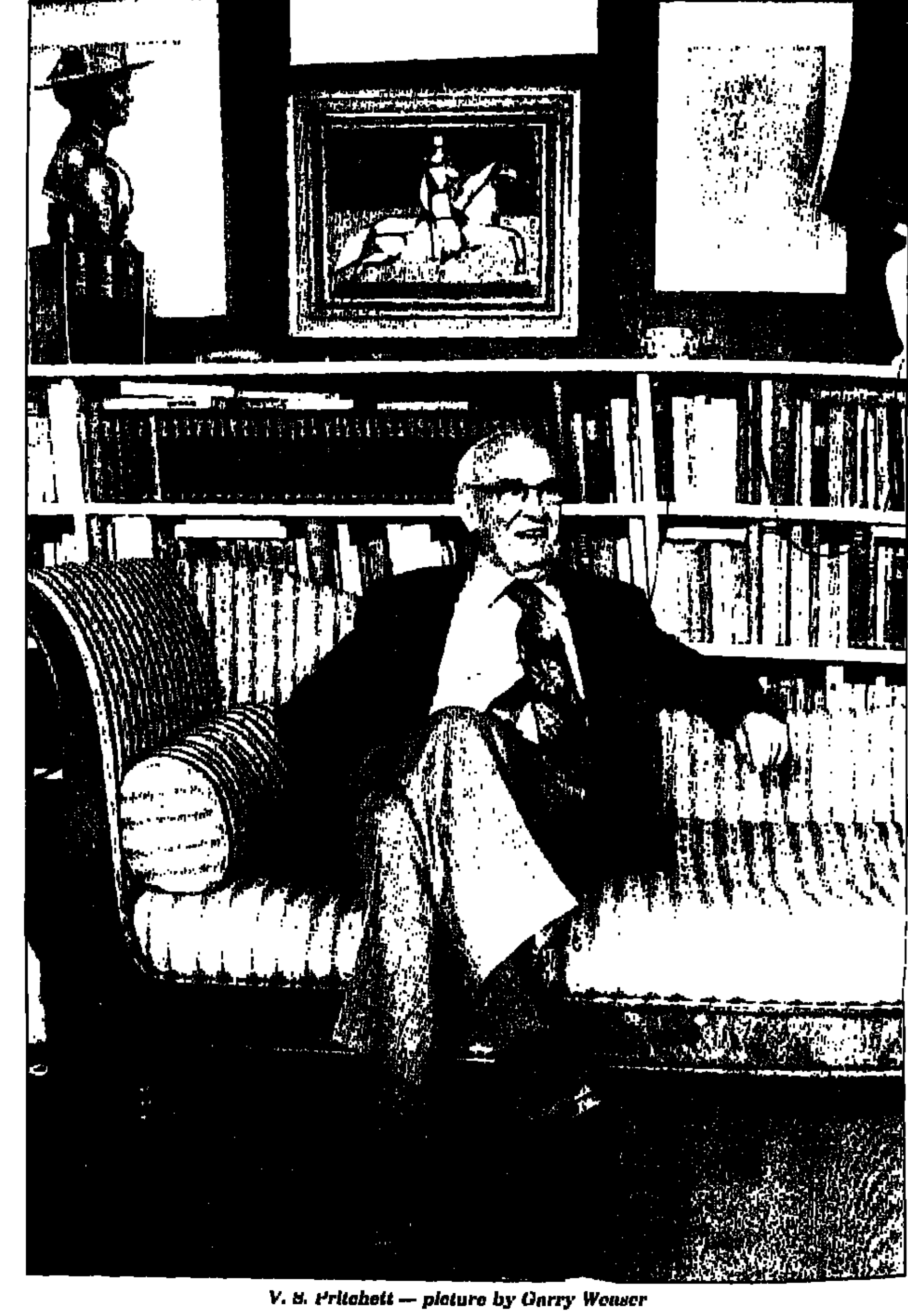
In his introduction, Pritchett distinguishes himself, a trifle sharply — but only a trifle; he is very much the grand gentleman of modern letters — from the professional lit-crit. True men or letters like himself, he says, are a dying breed; "We have no captive audience. We do not teach." Academia rewards specialization; the man of letters must write (and be patronized for writing) prose intended to be read by Virginia Woolf, echoing Samuel Johnson called the "common reader." And it is all passing away.

One can regret the sad, sighing, goodbye-to-all-this tone. I, for one, do not believe that the man of letters is a dying breed at all. I reject the fantasy that the electronic age is transforming him into some kind of pitiable dinosaur of consciousness, bleating a final protest, elegant but unheard, in video's vast idiot twilight. The truth is that serious literature and cultural journalism is probably in better shape at this moment with a wider (though of course elite) audience, than in many decades. I am not besotted: I know the situation is far from wonderful: we need, and badly, more magazines. In America, both *The New Yorker* and *The New York Review of Books* are desperately in need of serious competition — and they are most unlikely to get it. The problem (apart from capital) is not writers or readers; *they* are out there. The one thing needed is editors. You cannot find writers like William Shawn or Robert Silvers in the yellow pages. Great magazines are one-person tyrannies; one great editor can effect the culture profoundly. But the job is almost impossible to fill. It requires toughness; a capacity to direct without dominating; uncanny sophistication; high fiscal, diplomatic and literary skills; an unfailing intuition for the moment; and — since an editor's most frequent task is to say no — a serene willingness to be resented and even hated. Such people appear at best, twice or thrice in a generation. And, unfortunately, anything less spells probable doom.

But if literary journalism is alive, Pritchett is no journalist. He is that exemplary modern figure: an essayist without a home. Like his method, his culture is utterly unjournalistic. This one can regret — though in a world besotted with news, it is also (to me) very appealing. It means the sphere of his sensibility is in some way closed. Compare him to Edmund Wilson: Pritchett is belle-lettristic where Wilson is journalistic; penetrating and parochial where Wilson is crude and encyclopedic; complacent and masterful where Wilson is obsessed, blundering and worried; British, perhaps, rather than American.

The essays rest upon ideal reading of a certain kind of educated Anglo-American gentleman which the world, for good reasons and bad, stopped producing around 1950. The syllabus is genteel, profound, impeccable. (It is also like what used to be required for very good English majors in the USA). Transforming everything into history, it seems untouched by history. It does not think thoughts gentlemen — real gentlemen; I am not being facetious — do not think. Innocent of ideology and humiliation, it has never stood at what Lionel Trilling call "the bloody crossroads" where culture and politics meet. Its culture is complete, and so necessarily a little valetudinarian. Pritchett is meditating on a story already told.

What Pritcbett does derive from journalism is economy. Here is Pritchett on Balzac's voice. "Many of his contemporaries thought [it] rather a loud, pushing, incessant voice; though others found that its power of story-telling, wit, and fantasy, and its energy, imposed an irresistable spell. The voice of Balzac performs. It changes like an actor's. It is sanguine, skeptical, sensible in a blunt way, ready with a rash of generalization, the journalistic caricature; it easily contorts the larynx in passages of lurid melodrama and absurd hyperbole, and yet passes without a blush to asides that may be caustic, shameless or tender. It is a voice bursting with non-stop interest in whatever his eye catches and the guesses of his own genius. Above all it is personally intrusive: Balzac bustles in among his characters and stops the action to explain to their face that they are specimens take out of a natural history of society . . ."



V. S. Pritchett — picture by Garry Weaser

About a hundred effortlessly revealing words. Roland Barthes devoted an entire book to the same thing. Note that Pritchett contains not one original observation, (while Barthes is all originality), and yet leaves one with the sense of seeing the subject on the whole for the first time.

It is very English. Pritchett writes in what Samuel Johnson, in his great essay on Addison, called "the middle style of English prose." An obvious peer is Cyril Connolly, but I would aim much higher and suggest Virginia Woolf. *A Man of Letters* belongs beside *The Common Reader*. Though he lacks Virginia Woolf's depth and narrative sense, Pritchett is more just (more of a gentleman?) than she is, has a wider range, and seems more (not a very glamorous virtue) reliable. Both are important writers of fiction who when using the middle style, (in their own inflection of course), share a common voice. That voice has said some of the most impressive and powerful things British literature has had to say, and V. S. Pritchett is its great living master.

Stephen Koch teaches writing at Princeton. His new novel "The Bachelor's Bride" is out this summer.

LETTERS

KAL 007 — Facts And Interpretations

Reviewing R. W. Johnson's *Shootdown: Flight 007 and the American Connection*, Douglas B. Feaver writes that the Soviet radar at Krasnoyarsk "is an alleged violation of the unratified SALT II treaty."

A painful mistake. The Soviets, allegedly if you will, violate SALT II by deploying a second (mobile) missile, the SS25, and by encoding the electronic data from missile tests. The Krasnoyarsk radar, we claim, is a violation of the ABM treaty, on which even such serious critics of the administration's nuclear policies as Gerard Smith and Paul Warnke agree.

Endre Marton,
Edmund A. Walsh School of Foreign Service,
Georgetown University.

Your review of *Shootdown* asserts that R. W. Johnson's book contains "garbage," "hokum," and "disinformation." This unusually abusive language by reviewer Douglas B. Feaver of the Washington Post's national staff, brings to mind Shakespeare's phrase, "the lady doth protest too much."

There are grounds for such a suspicion. Feaver's dismissal of Johnson's book importantly rests on two propositions which are not so: First, that the two innocent navigation error scenarios put forward in the report to the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) as ways in which KAL 007 could have flown its fatal course innocently and unwittingly are plausible. Second, the State Department did not order the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) off the case. Neither proposition is true. Briefly, one, there are two types of documentary evidence to show that the ICAO's scenarios are not consistent with the known facts, and, two, James Michaelangelo, the chief of NTSB's Anchorage office, was in fact ordered off the case by the State Department. This is a fact to which he has testified in unequivocal language to at least two interviewers.

Feaver's implications on the two points are clear beyond question. On the ICAO report's scenarios, for example, he says, "Others investigating the case have duplicated the ICAO's work." Yet he avoids stating either in direct language. This is a type of writing more appropriate to a "disinformationist", that is, someone intentionally seeking to mislead, than to a member of The Washington Post's national staff knowledgeable in aviation matters.

John Keppel,
Essex, Conn.

Douglas Feaver replies: Professor Marton is correct and I apologize for my error.

Mr. Keppel is entitled to his opinions and I am entitled to mine, which are based on facts.

It has been established that gross navigational errors do occur and that a plausible albeit careless error would result in KAL Flight 007's arriving where it was when it was shot down.

As for Mr. Michaelangelo, he was (and is) assigned to the safety board's Anchorage field office. He was indeed taken off the case, but by safety board headquarters, not the State Department. That is normal practice, not the basis for a conspiracy theory. Safety board headquarters almost always assumes from its field offices control of a major accident investigation. The safety board soon discovered it had no legal jurisdiction to conduct its own investigation, as author Johnson asserts, because the aircraft was not in U.S. airspace at the time of the shootdown and was not of U.S. registry. However, safety board representatives from Washington continued to participate as observers in the official investigation of the accident conducted by the Korean government. The Soviets also conducted an investigation, but the safety board was not invited to participate.

Park of delights

By Martin Walker in Moscow

THE West knows Gorky Park as the sinister location of the grisly killings in the excellent novel of that name by Martin Cruz Smith. It is time someone redressed the balance, because the Central Park of Culture and Leisure in the name of Maxim Gorky to give it the full and formal title, embodies a great deal of what is best about Soviet life.

It is in many ways a deeply serious place, where "culture" has that rather old-fashioned connotation of learning and solemn self-improvement. It is worth looking at the facilities on show recently, for example, during a theme day dedicated to "Kosmos-Zemlye I Miru," which translated rather clumsily as "Space — for the Earth and for Peace".

This meant a series of lectures and exhibitions and meetings with staff of the Institute of Cosmonautics at each of the four large stages in the vast park complex. There was something called an oral journal, which meant illustrated lectures on how lasers serve men; on space observatories, and on metallurgy in the space age. And there was an exhibition, with guides and lectures, on space exploration in the future.

This was not allowed to monopolise the park facilities. At the central stage, a large open-air theatre, the morning began with poetry readings; then the premiere of a new musical work, and then after the cosmonauts had finished their stint, there was a concert given jointly by musicians from Warsaw and Moscow in the name of Soviet-Polish friendship.

At the musical stage, another of the theatres, there was a literary concert with excerpts from plays, poetry readings and a brief lecture; then a concert for children, and then the chance to talk with Moscow actors about plans for the forthcoming theatre season, and then the oral journal on space.

At another theatre, called the Stage of the Big Field, workers of the city's cultural department presented a revue entitled Our Merry Stadium of songs and jokes and dances, which gave way to a concert of Moscow amateur musicians. This was followed by a brass band concert, and then the evening was devoted to ballroom dancing.

The last of the big theatres, known as Map of the World from its decor, began with a long meeting of the highly popular club of lovers of Moscow history, and in the evening there was a long lecture by eminent doctors who then gave a medical version of Any Questions.

While the lectures and concerts went on, the actual leisure of the park proceeded in the manner of such places all over the world. Off-duty soldiers and young bloods showed off to the girls at the shooting gallery, and mothers bought endless tickets for the merry-go-round for their children. There were queues at the ice cream stands and happy squeals could be heard from the huge Ferris Wheel that dominates one bank of the Moscow river just as the Kremlin looms over the other.

There were rowing boats for hire, and rows of solemn drinkers at the Keramika open-air bar who put their 20-Kopek pieces into the automat machines to get their half-litre of gassy, yeasty beer. The shashlik stands selling skewers of barbecued meat were doing good business, and miniature tankers came round selling kvass, the refreshing old Russian drink that is made from fermented bread.

People strolled through the formal gardens, and admired the fountains behind the imposing entrance arches, and sat on benches and looked for their children, and flirted and courted and disturbed their neighbours with the rock music coming from their portable tape recorders.

And then if you walked on past all these facilities that the Muscovites know as Gorky Park, and past the embankment where you take the river cruise boats, you come to the loveliest, quietest part of all that is still known by its old, pre-revolutionary name, "Neskuchniy Sad," or the non-boring garden.

It is quite a surreal place. You climb the steps and stroll through the thick trees to a large sunken garden where all the paths are overgrown by thick weeds. It looks as though gardeners have not been here for years. But they must have been, for the flower beds are ablaze with colour planted in regular rows. At one corner, an old lady snoozes in her newspaper kiosk. Dominating the garden is an open air cupola, a monument to the various defences of Moscow from the battles against the Tartars and Poles and French to the Nazi invasion of 1941.

Behind this garden are two childrens' playgrounds. The first is broken down and dangerous, with splintered climbing frames, collapsed slides, and rusted swings. The other, all carefully done in the old Russian style of rustic wood is evidently new. The children prefer the dangerous old one. And after all that self-improvement in Gorky Park, who can blame them?

Trust gets Nostell treasures

By Donald Wintersgill

A COLLECTION of furniture by Thomas Chippendale, worth between £10 million and £15 million, was handed over to the National Trust last week.

The furniture was made between 1766 and 1776 for Nostell Priory, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. When the fourth Lord St Oswald died in 1984 the family was faced with a tax bill of £4 million. The furniture, about 100 items, was in danger of being sold, and most would have gone to the United States.

The Government, acting through the National Heritage Memorial Fund, came up with £6.1 million. The tax has been paid and much of the rest of the money is going into an endowment to run Nostell Priory. The trust had been given the Adam mansion in 1953.

Lady St Oswald said last week that if the family had sold the furniture on the open market it would probably have fetched millions more. "I was sorely tempted, obviously. It would have meant that we could live either in sunshine or very comfortably off in England, for the rest of our lives."

Among other furniture is a huge desk which originally cost £72 10 shillings and which is now worth perhaps £750,000. The State Bedroom has the best and most complete suite of Chippendale furniture in existence — 20 items which are still in the places for which they were designed.

The member of the family who ordered the furniture, Sir Rowland Winn, was slow in paying bills. Chippendale wrote grovelling letters saying that he feared being arrested for debt, sent to prison, or driven out of his mind for want of money.

Sentiment and sentimentality

By Geoffrey Taylor

IN THE window of the local second-hand bookshop is a work called Stirring Deeds Of Britain's Seadogs, written, obviously with gusto, by Harold F. B. Wheeler and published by Harrap soon after the first world war. I thought of sending it for Christmas to Mr Dalyell. Since nobody could publish such a title today without inviting derision the question arises which is the wiser generation, theirs or ours; or is neither especially wise?

The question also arose in another context, during a discussion about the boundary between sentiment and sentimentality. An old autograph book containing poetic pearls of advice to a young girl was read out to robust laughter and I felt it necessary to spring to the authors' defence. I did so without any strong conviction about the merits of the lines concerned, but I felt the case had to be argued that later generations are not necessarily superior to earlier onces in wisdom, morals or sensitivity.

The gap is not entirely between generations. Along with sentiment and sentimentality, bravery and bravado have always co-existed, and so have eloquence and gradiloquence. But if the difference is cultural, what becomes of all those warnings we used to be given by sociologists against making value judgments? Why not stirring deeds? Why not seadogs?

There must be a difference, in spite of those warnings, between what is important, which is usually simple, and what is trivial, which is usually ornate. It might be worth teasing out the difference by quoting from a book of days which used to be published yearly but which I believe has been discontinued. This is from the 1962 edition:

I've chores to do, the same as you
(And bother the chores, I say.)
But wet or dry, the bairns and I
Have a bright spot every day:
The table's laid; the toast is made—
You've guessed what the thrill must be?
Life's rich again the moment when
Daddy comes home to tea!

Now if those lines, budgerigar-infested though they be, have given pleasure to a lot of people, wherein lies their deficiency? Elitism is among today's unpardonable sins. It follows that anyone who would be embarrassed to recite aloud this evocation of family life and childhood happiness must find reasons other than the language alone. Is it felt that family life and childhood happiness ought not to be invoked, or if they are, not publicly? But Robert Burns kept on the right side of sentimentality and his stanzas on the same theme still find a place in the anthologies:

Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee . . .

And so on.

Much of the verse in the vernacular tradition of the book of days is a variation on the theme, "Say not the struggle naught availeth."

Here is a specimen:

If you've lost hope, and feel that life
Can never be worth while,
And that — however long the road—
You'll neither sing nor smile,
Take courage, friend; plod bravely on,
And scorn to curse or whine.
The day may dawn when once again
For you the sun will shine.

But Oliver Goldsmith, not generally regarded as a poetic nonentity, wrote:

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

The message is not much at variance with the one in the book of days. One might concede that it too verges on the banal. But it is compressed into four lines rather than eight. Perhaps, then, brevity is part of the answer. The thought set down for October 10 reads:

It's nice receiving compliments when you're a movie star;
It's nice to hear applause when you have opened a bazaar.
But oh, the fun, the thrill, the joy — beyond applause or shout —
Of doing good so secretly that no one finds you out!

All very well, but Pope said it in one line: Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

The difference in appreciation must be between those of us who are sophisticated. And that is where generation assumes its importance because it seems that every generation is more sophisticated than the one before. How the naiveties of 1986 will be chortled about in 2036 is a proper subject for study. I think I am about average in this matter. Both my grandfathers were unsophisticated men. One wrote hymns of an innocence ("God made the little cowslip" is an example) which is almost cloying in both words and music. The other, though he had only a small income, collected books about imperial deeds of valour and had a fine leather-bound series of volumes on the Boer war. He would certainly not have found anything derisory in the title published by Harrap.

A recent article in the New Scientist showed that pendulums are erratic rather than reliable in their behaviour. Most people have known that intuitively. When they talk about the figurative swing of the pendulum they do not expect it to go back to where it started. But swing we must. Are sentimentality and bravado due for a come-back, or have they been lying unobserved all this time? One probably needs to know.

A COUNTRY DIARY

NANT PERIS: The recent celebrations to mark the centenary of Haskett-Smith's first ascent of Napes Needle in western Lakeland was said by some to mark the beginning of British rock climbing. That opinion, though, ignores the explorations of the enigmatic parson who endeavoured "to follow the skyline" of every mountain he visited in the middle of the last century. We can imagine him striding the rocky floor of Cwm Glas Mawr, looking into the shining shallows of the lakelet there, or going up the piled scree where mist wreaths were curling. It was, after all, Haskett-Smith who suggested, writing in 1924, that rock climbing began in this country when Stocker and Wall made the first ascent of Lliwedd's west buttress in January, 1883. Up there on Cwm Glas Mawr the other day we gazed, as the Victorian cleric might have done, into the little lake and looked up to the shattered nose of Clogwyn-y-Person, the Parson's Nose, first climbed in 1884. Beyond it soared the shattered arête where summer mists were curling. The volcanic rocks here always seem cold, shaded as they are even in midsummer until late in the day. Following the sharp, steep crest is a grand way on to the Snowdon Horseshoe, a sort of backwater scratched by fewer boots than the main circuit and retaining still the true spirit of Victorian pioneerings. As we went up the misty crest I looked down to the right to pick out the tops of those many routes on Clogwyn-y-ddisgl, which were the happy hunting ground of Edwardian climbers, pre-eminently the ill-fated J. M. Archer Thomson. It wouldn't have been much of a surprise to see such a party, tied together with thick hemp, come pulling over the top, such is the peculiar and unchanging spirit of this great cwm and its enclosing cliffs.

Roger A. Redfern



Bethel Leslie and Jack Lemmon at The Haymarket — picture by Douglas Jeffrey.

Beauty in a poem of despair

THEATRE by Michael Billington

JONATHAN MILLER'S production of Long Day's Journey Into Night has gained half an hour in running time since I saw it in Washington four months ago. Length adds to the pain in this poem of desperation. But although this is a perfectly creditable version of O'Neill's autobiographical masterpiece — and worth seeing for the performances of Jack Lemmon and Kevin Spacey — it doesn't have the poleaxing quality of Michael Blakemore's famous production for the National.

The reason is that Miller, in swathing the text in a detailed behavioural realism, misses something of the play's calculated artificiality. This really was O'Neill's bid for classic status. It is no accident that he preserves the unities of classical tragedy by compressing the whole history of the Tyrone family into a single day in August, 1912. And he harks back to Ibsen — and even further in time to Sophocles — by his technique of exhumation in which the family skeletons are dug up one by one at the same time as the drama inches forwards.

What Miller gives us is the realistic texture of family life. In the first half especially, the Tyrone family interrupt each other, talk over each other, allow sentences to overlap. This is exactly how families behave; and it leads towards moments of exhilarating realism, such as the way Edmund's recounting of a neighbourly conflict about trespassing pigs leads almost imperceptibly into a recriminatory row.

You sense this is all part of a cyclical pattern. But what you lose in the process is O'Neill's careful planting of the evidence, such as the suggestion that Mary Tyrone's dope-taking was a direct consequence of her son Edmund's birth. Information like this is all part of the family's continuing psychological warfare, but here it gets subsumed in the overlapping, intertwined dialogue.

There is also calculated symbolism in the play's progress from bright, confident morning to the final fogbound, midnight descent into hell. But here Tony Straiges's dark-oaked American summer home is surrounded by permanent blackness as if it is always night with the Tyrones: what one misses is the move from precarious optimism over Mary's apparent recovery into the stark realisation that the family's fate is forever sealed. Miller's production is excellent at tensions of family life; but O'Neill's careful use of light and dark, sun and mist is blurred by a certain physical sameness.

But the production has certainly gained in raw, naked pain since I first saw it; and Jack Lemmon's performance as James Tyrone is better than ever. Mr Lemmon sports a shaggy mane of white hair that gives him the look of an ageing lion (I like the hint of Tyrone's vanity in his constant combing of his locks). But what is remarkable is Lemmon's emotional volatility that enables him to change course in mid-sentence. Trying to calm Mary down when she is on a morphine-jag, he actually starts one sentence in teeth-gritting anger and then switches to placatory sweetness.

The other fine performance is from Kevin Spacey as the wastrel, rakehelly elder son: one of the best scenes in the evening is his midnight confrontation with Edmund, to which Mr Spacey brings a frenzied, whisky-sodden envy and rage at his brother's superior talent and a sozzled protective love. It is a performance imbued with the right self-hatred. I have been rebuked for suggesting that Peter Gallagher as Edmund looks insufficiently tubercular (though O'Neill's stage directions talk of feverish eyes and sunken cheeks): what I really miss is the character's poetic intensity. And Bethel Leslie's Mary, while commendable, blurs the crucial distinction between the woman before and after she is on the morphine.

Earth tremors

CINEMA by Derek Malcolm

NO Chinese film since the end of the second world war has had such a flattering reception as Chen Kaige's Yellow Earth, which went round the festival circuit last year and now arrives, trailing clouds of glory. There's talk now of a Chinese New Wave to match that of Hong Kong in the late seventies and Taiwan right now.

It would be unwise, however, to expect some cinematic miracle. Yellow Earth isn't that, though it is certainly very beautiful to look at and has an atmosphere about it that only the Japanese cinema can match. But Chen Kaige is certainly an exceptional film-maker, and the least you can say is that his debut is as promising as anyone else's in the world last year.

Set in a village among the dry and dusty hills of Shaanxi province in 1939, his story is of an Eighth Route Army soldier who comes to the village to study folksongs, and becomes deeply involved in the lives of the family who take him in.

His simple revolutionary ardour comes into conflict with the old order, and he finds himself powerless to do anything about it. He can't even help the family's 14-year-old daughter, about to undergo an arranged marriage and longing for her freedom. He leaves to join the Communist Party a chastened man.

Yellow Earth has a spare screenplay, and the playing is the opposite of emotional. Kaige gets his effect through visual and aural means, sweeping the arid landscape with his camera almost like Jancso swept the Hungarian plains, and suffusing the soundtrack with songs and music like the Taviani brothers might do.

The film is only 89 minutes and the compression adds to its force. I've seen no other Chinese film like it, since even the gentlest hint of propaganda or polemic is subjugated to the demands of pure cinema, laid out before us with a kind of intensity that's much more eloquent than words.

It seems a very private, personal film to come out of China, made by a director with a natural eye for relevant detail. No one should fear they will be bored, or that critics writing well about it are being merely patronising. This, by any standards, is a first-class film.

I have finally caught up with Sylvester Stallone in Cobra and rather wish I hadn't. George Pan Cosmatos is the director, Golan and Globus the producers, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is a very bad movie indeed and, more than that, thoroughly reprehensible.

In it, Stallone plays a Los Angeles cop who announces that crime is a disease and that he's the cure, proceeding to rid the community of its more obvious psychopaths by any means, legal or illegal, that he can. He is, in other words, a very dirty Harry indeed.

At one point, he tells a man he has cornered that he has the right to remain silent — a moment before pouring petrol over him and lighting it. Charm is not his forte. Mega-destruction is. At another juncture a lesbian, who happens to be a policewoman, is also done to death. There is virtually no end to the enormities, which American audiences have supported, baying, to the tune of $80 millions.

It is with the fond but none too hopeful wish that British audiences won't that I'll now shut up.

If it is true, as the film suggests, that the blues in America are played and listened to mostly by whites these days, Robert Schwartz and Cork Marcheschi's **Survivors: The Blues Today**, is the last witness of the great sea-change brought about by the emergence of soul among the black communities.

It is, however, more a concert film than a backstage documentary charting the change. The three-day event it covers took place in St Paul, Minnesota, in March, 1984, where alumni like John Lee Hooker, Dr John, Nick Gravenites, Corky Siegel, and Valerie Wellington got together for the extended sessions. Archie Shepp was there from the jazz front.

Though it might have been good to pursue the thought that the blues have become a white medium, enthusiasts shouldn't miss this very well shot, Dolby stereo record of a first-class event, covering a large range of blues styles and possibly one of the last great gatherings of its kind in America itself. These days, it seems, there is more blues at the Berliner Jazz-Fest than anywhere near Chicago or New Orleans.

Llosa takes all

Joyce McMillan at Edinburgh

THIS Traverse premiere of Mario Vargas Llosa's Kathie And The Hippopotamus — the first play by this acclaimed Peruvian playwright and novelist to be produced anywhere in Britain — is an event to be welcomed.

Vargas Llosa is one of that brilliant new generation of Latin American writers whose work moves effortlessly from the most mundane social realities into all the competing realms of fantasy, memory and interpretation that make up the full human consciousness; and it is high time British audiences had the chance of enjoying the richness of his work.

Kathie And The Hippo is a graceful, intricate and humorous piece of writing about a rich Peruvian banker's wife who, bored witless by her comfortable life, has just been on an extended trip round the world; now in the attic of her home at Lima, she is having a book about her adventures "ghosted" for her by a hard-up writer and lecturer called Santiago.

In no time at all — under the influence of the ludicrous and prurient purple passages Santiago weaves round her standard tourist experiences — the pair of them are caught up in a fast-moving criss-crossing fugue of fantasies about their respective banal lives.

Hers involved troops of lovers, a moment of madness in which she shoots her boorish husband, and a strange African encounter with the prodigious sexuality of the male hippo.

His are concentrated on a real or imaginary affair with a kittenish student called Adele, and a fatuous identification with the writer and radical hero, Victor Hugo.

Out of this collage of experiences, dreams and images, Vargas Llosa creates a powerful study of frustration and mediocrity and of the way in which ordinary life conspires to crush the imagination, to limit human potential and to frustrate the libido that is one of our main sources of creative energy; and for a while, it seems that Steve Unwin's thoughtful production will do it full justice.

Bunny Christie has created an elegant and witty set — all plush carpeting, well placed lamps, and little synthetic images of exotica like palm trees and pyramids; and there are beautifully pitched performances from Alan Barker and Kate Duchene as Kathie's handsome dimwit of a husband and Santiago's long-suffering wife.

But Janet Amsden and Robert Swann, in the two leading roles, never quite get the measure of this complex play. For one thing, they do not as yet seem sure enough of the text to keep Vargas Llosa's delicate interweaving of truth and fiction securely in place. More seriously they seem unable in the end to grasp that the richness, completeness and humanity of the playwright's vision depends on accepting the equal validity of all the levels of reality he explores.

Here, the actors send up the fantasy as if it was a joke and play the naturalistic moments as if they represented an unpleasant truth. So the fabric of the play unravels into the spectacle of a pair of unpleasant people indulging in banal and exploitative fantasy.

Unless something is done about it, audiences are likely to leave the Traverse with an impression of Vargas Llosa as a writer disgusted by mankind's hypocrisy and cowardice rather than moved by its plight; and that, I think, is to do the man less than justice.

Life force

Michael Billington welcomes a new play by Brian Clark

THE radical wife of a reactionary old general gets involved in a political cause: he meanwhile is haunted by her long-ago infidelity with an army colleague. Such is the outline of William Douglas Home's Lloyd George Knew My Father. So too, uncannily, of Brian Clark's new play, The Petition, which had its premiere in New York and now arrives freshly cast at the Lyttelton.

Mr Clark's play, which grows steadily in power throughout the evening, is far superior to its forebear because it is about more urgent things. Mr Douglas Home's heroine threatened to kill herself to prevent a bypass going through her park: Mr Clark's Lady Elizabeth Milne jeopardises her marriage by signing an anti-nuclear petition and agreeing to speak at a rally in the Albert Hall.

We are often told that content alone doesn't make a play important; but it strikes me that any play concerned with the survival of life on our planet has a built-in dignity and weight. What also gives The Petition its impact is its gradual revelation of the pain and torment that lies behind a well-bred, 50-year-old English marriage.

Initially, I jibbed at the play's improbability. General Sir Edmund Milne is a dry old stick curled up behind The Times: his wife is a free-thinking, Labour-voting spirit enfolded by The Guardian. The separateness of their worlds is even underlined by John Bury's set: the general is seen against a background of an oak-panelled wall filled with military mementoes, while his wife exists in an airy Belgravia sitting-room, all gentle landscapes and floral drapes.

I found it hard to swallow that two such temperamental opposites had survived a marriage of half-a-century: even harder to accept that all their long-accumulated political and emotional differences should suddenly come spilling out one morning in the twilight of their lives. What on earth had they been talking about for the past 50 years?

But in the second half, Mr Clark's purpose becomes apparent (it would be unfair to reveal exactly how). His point, I take it, is that marriage in England is often an alliance of strangers who camouflage and conceal their rage and hurt (as in Eliot they "are contented with the morning that separates/And with the evening that brings together"): here the revelation of the general's stored jealousy is all the more forceful for being long-suppressed.

But Mr Clark's larger thesis is that, in an age of potential nuclear extinction, all the old rules are forfeit: that restraint, discretion, concern with status are pointless as we edge closer to the abyss. What shocks and stirs one is the very unEnglish emotionalism with which this is presented; and the sight of Rosemary Harris as an India-reared, upper middle-class woman crawling across the carpet crying "I have to do what I can now" is one I shall not easily expel.

I wish the play's debate on nuclear issues were fuller and longer. But Mr Clark's achievement is that he has managed to link the private and public worlds and found a way of popularising major moral concerns (much as he did in Whose Life Is It Anyway?). Peter Hall's production also exactly catches the play's change of mood, starting on a level of edgy drawing-room comedy and eliding into the recriminatory soul-stripping of O'Neill.

The performances are exemplary. Rosemary Harris exudes humour, sanity, the faint personal negligence (her straggly hair tumbles over her face) that comes from absorption in public issues. She even acts guilt, knitting away with merciless concentration as if she meant to harm the needles when her buried affair is resurrected.

But the revelation to me was John Mills, who I have always thought of as a rather circumspect actor: here he has a moment of intemperate breakdown when he darts violently towards a bureau clutching it with prehensile grip and then leaps upstage with shoulders uncontrollably heaving. It is moving precisely because Mills has previously established the character as a ramrod-backed, stiff-legged disciplinarian who marches across the carpet as if on parade at Sandhurst.

At the end there were cheers for all the actors, but I hope some were for a play that affirms, in fascinating contrast to The Cocktail Party, that marriages can be redeemed without the benefit of guardian angels and that continuing life is more to be celebrated than triumphant death.

Umbrellas in Sussex

Edward Greenfield at Glyndebourne

WITH umbrellas one of the regular themes of Peter Hall's production of Don Giovanni at Glyndebourne (Seville being unduly stormtossed that year), the Sussex weather did its bit to welcome Bernard Haitink back as conductor. Was the thunder real or theatrical you wondered, waiting for your picnic?

This was the production that provided the basis for a prize-winning recording from EMI, one which owed much to Haitink's unerring control of dramatic tension, with pacing never eccentric, but geared to bringing out the freshness of Mozart's inspiration. So it remains with the London Philharmonic.

Four of the principals remain the same as on the records. Among the exceptions Richard Stillwell as Giovanni himself sings cleanly, but never quite recovers from being made up to look like the Prince Consort, very un-Byronic against John Bury's early 19th century setting. Felicity Lott as Donna Elvira found her usual purity and sweetness only in the second of two successive performances I saw, but then ravishingly.

Totally convincing as a duo — provocative minx against big, handsome lout — are the sparkling Zerlina of Lesley Garrett and the resonant Masetto of the American, Stephen Dupont, making his British debut.

A late newcomer for three of the last performances was the Canadian soprano, Edith Wiens as Donna Anna, an apt successor to Carol Vaness, similarly big, bright and vibrant of voice. She is the singer who took the role on the company's trip to Hong Kong earlier this year.

For the tight, close acoustic of Glyndebourne, she will have to do some taming of her dramatic sound, as Miss Vaness has so effectively done, but quite apart from the scale of the voice (exciting in an Anna) she effectively conveys the obsessiveness of a character presented in this production very much as a Dickensian figure.

A master's vision of souls in desolation

IN Florence, 1986 is Donatello year. Appreciations of the extraordinary Renaissance sculptor compete with the national football team for space in Italian newspapers, and with some success: "Incredible Donatello," ran one headline, in a size of type rarely reserved for sculptors. It is the sixth centenary of the birth of Donatello — one of the most innovative figures of the Renaissance and of the history of art.

This collection of works from all over the world is the most eloquent account ever assembled of Donatello's strange progression away from the graceful, learned humanism of his day towards a more desolate vision of the human condition. Donatello injected his art with a psychological dimension which had never been achieved before, and which was held in awe for centuries.

The exhibition's organiser, Professor Giorgio Bonsanti, director of the Florence Accademia, says: "Donatello is not really a popular artist. But he is very, very popular among scholars and among those who may understand him. It is sufficient just to contemplate his Madonnas or his Magdalene to see why. They are so severe in comparison to the smiling quattrocento madonnas. Their expressions are so peculiar and they confront people with problems, not solutions. Donatello was not one to give us solutions which were false, he left us with the problems."

Donatello was born Donato de Niccolo di Betto Bardi, the son of a textile craftsman thought to have been active in the "Ciompi revolt" of 1378, when artisans rose violently against the Florentine nobility. He was a notoriously bad dresser, opinionated and not averse to fighting. The 16th century biographer Giorgio Vasari has him hanging a basket of money in his workshop to which his apprentices could help themselves.

He did not marry, living for a time with his ageing mother, widowed sister and her crippled child. He had a jealous eye to his attractive male apprentices, and once obtained permission to kill one of them in Ferrara, but only laughed when he caught up with him. He reached the peak of fame during his mid-career in the 1430s, but his most striking work comes from his ill-documented, apparently secluded later years, when his health deteriorated.



On the edge of isolation . . . Donatello's wooden Magdalene.

Two works from the 1440s and early 1450s foreshadow Donatello's final statement at San Lorenzo, Florence, full of grim despair and violence. One is a small bronze crucifixion from Paris in which one figure looks up at the cross with exasperated misery while another sinks a heavy head into the right hand. The other is the Victoria and Albert Museum's Lamentation: a group of figures mourn with an extraordinary range of expressed grief. Three contort their bodies with violent movements, venting their despair wildly. The virgin's face is wracked to the point of grotesque distortion, as though her misery was too intense to be further shocked.

Florence is currently celebrating one of the most innovative figures in the history of art. Edward Vulliamy reports on the genius of Donatello

Donatello's work has provoked more debate over attribution and dating than that of almost any other artist. In Florence, scholars went into a four-day conclave to grapple with "aspects and problems" of Donatello. It is an academic arena in which British historians have been particularly active, not least in the attribution of one of the exhibition's loveliest pieces, the Chellini Madonna.

Other madonnas show Donatello carving graceful and gentle figures, the child swathed, the mother pensive. A Madonna carved for a shrine in the Via Pietriapina in Florence has the virgin's face touching that of the child, whose innocence is emphasised by a playful forefinger in his mouth. But, despite the physical proximity, the mother looks at the child from a great psychological distance and with sorrow. The great leap from Donatello's predecessors and contemporaries is being made.

The exhibition contains two late works which have been taken down from their usual dingy perches for illuminating inspection: the wooden crucifixion from San Piero a Sieve in Florence, in which the figure pulls painfully from the nailed hands, and the weighty St John the Baptist from Siena Cathedral.

There is fresh debate about the work which marks the climax of the exhibition and Donatello's career: the wooden Magdalene. Her disturbing aura, her stance at the edge of total isolation, places her thematically as a work of the late 1450s. But the surprising recent dating of a related statue in Venice to the 1430s has led some historians to date the Magdalene too to Donatello's mid-career.

Professor Bonsanti will not countenance the switch: "That statue, that face, could only come from the late years. I see no serious possibility of this happening before."

Charles Avery, assistant keeper of sculpture at the V and A, and a leading Donatellian, wrote of the "horrific realism" of the late pieces, and called the Magdalene "the climax of all the experiments in expressionism which had occupied the artist throughout his life."

She prays, apparently into empty space, with a haunting stare, unrelieved by certainty of any kind. This is Donatello's solitary interpretation of humanist free will, in which his contemporaries sought the ideal man. His Magdalene hangs in a balance between meaning and pointlessness, with no apparent resolution forthcoming.

Donatello's immediate followers preferred to learn from his technical revolution and the mastery of grace and elegance which characterised his mid-career. When Donatello left Florence for Padua in the 1440s, the vacuum was filled by Lucca della Robbia and a new generation of sculptors.

These are represented at the Belvedere but are only echoes of the essence of Donatello's late work, and in this sense, despite his great fame, he was isolated in history, vindicated only centuries later.

• *Donatello and His Followers runs at the Forte Di Belvedere, Florence, until September 7.*

Loving Buffalo

By Martin Pawley

A CONCRETE ATLANTIS: U.S. Industrial Building and European Modern Architecture, by Reyner Banham (MIT Press, £16.50).

SOMEWHERE on the foreshore near the town of Lewes in Delaware, half buried in sand and reachable only at low tide, lies the hulk of an experimental reinforced concrete ship built in America during the Great War as a prototype for a kind of expendable merchantman to carry munitions to Europe.

The existence of this vessel, as far as one can judge from A Concrete Atlantis, is unknown to Reyner Banham, which is a pity because the USS Atlantis (as she was called) came close to embodying both his title and his theme — the shipping of American reinforced concrete technology to Europe.

As it is, Banham concentrates his felicitous prose on a lengthy study of turn-of-the-century American reinforced concrete factories and grain silos; buildings that so impressed the first European generation of modern architects when they made their pilgrimages to the New World that they went straight home and built not only factories, but houses, hostels and hospitals in the same way.

There is, of course, an unassailable pedigree to this theory extending from Adolf Loos, via Walter Gropius and Le Corbusier, to Richard Neutra's influential book *Wie Baut Amerika* (How America builds) published in Germany in 1927. But why should such a well-worn thesis attract supportive scholarship at this late date?

One must suspect that it has to do with Banham's inexhaustible enthusiasm for America, now finished with such obvious targets as custom cars, surfing, and Los Angeles, and turning instead in his later years to God's own junkyard itself, the abandoned infrastructure of nineteenth-century American industry.

The depth of Banham's love for this wasteland can be gauged by this act of tireless scholarship on its behalf. Oscar Wilde, for instance, could find only one word to put in his journal to describe his experience of Buffalo, NY, then at the beginning of the concrete grain-silo era, and that was the name of the city. Banham, who once taught in the State University there, contrives to dig up an implausible 1924 quotation from Erich Mendelsohn: "I took photographs like mad. Everything else (in America) was merely a beginning."

A beginning of what? For Banham, one suspects, a romance with the production men of America. Those who have spent time in the exhilarating company of American engineers with their "If it ain't broke don't fix it," and "There's more energy in a barrel of oil than a barrel of fish-heads" — the latter a memorable dismissal of alternative technology — will readily understand Banham's absorption in the details of silo and factory design.

The cruise of HMS Loathsome

By Dan Van Der Vat

MUTINY IN FORCE X, by Bill Glenton (Hodder, £12.95).

HERE at last is a full and colourful account of an incident in the last months of the second world war over which the Royal Navy, not surprisingly, drew a very thick veil.

Faced with a sudden, unexpected, and never fully explained request from the US Navy for a squadron of infantry landing ships to help out in the Pacific (hitherto a jealously guarded American naval fief), the Admiralty jumped at the chance to get in on the last act against the Japanese.

All the British could scrape together, however, because of their heavy commitments in post-invasion Europe, was a collection of six vessels with only the most tenuous claim to the White Ensign. To these they added, uninvited, a headquarters ship, complete with rear-admiral and staff, called HMS Lothian.

This inadequately converted and dangerously overcrowded freighter was soon renamed HMS Loathsome by her scratch crew. Their conditions and treatment became a convincing imitation of those in the eighteenth-century Navy which led to the Nore mutiny, including appalling food, ridiculous amounts of "bull", and officers indifferent in both senses of the word.

Eventually, under the eyes of the US Navy in the Panama Canal, more than 100 seamen ratings mutinied over their particularly arduous conditions on the Lothian, whose water-distillation plant broke down just before they got there.

Apart from the three ring-leaders and a handful of diehards, the mutineers got off lightly. But, as ever, the Navy needed a scapegoat. This was not to be the martinet of a flag-officer in command, Rear-Admiral A. G. Talbot (who had the incomparable advantage of making the choice), nor yet the tired and ineffectual captain of the Lothian.

The short straw was forced upon Lt-Commander Kenneth Buckel, the First Lieutenant, who had come "through the hawsepipe" (up from the ranks). The proceedings in New Guinea strained the limits of legitimacy. Buckel was dismissed his ship for disobeying orders and offering to treat with mutineers, while being acquitted of four other charges. In a sense he too got off lightly, but only if one accepts his guilt, which this book makes very difficult.

Force X was split up and played a very marginal role behind the front line in the last stages of the Pacific campaign. Had it not been sent, it would not have been missed.

Mr Glenton presents the pathetic story of Force X from the lower-deck point of view, which is justified for several reasons. As an 18-year-old "hostilities only" Ordinary Seaman, he was one of the mutineers. The lower-deck tends to be neglected in most naval historiography, and after reading his evidence one must conclude that no other viewpoint could have much validity. An extraordinary gap in the history of the Royal Navy in the last war has been well and grippingly filled.

Taking a dose of Empson salts

By M. C. Bradbrook

ESSAYS ON SHAKESPEARE, by William Empson, edited by David B. Pirie (Cambridge, £7.95; cloth £25).

THE tingling shock of meeting Empson in contact with Shakespeare sparks off in casual asides; the best Empson is instant Empson.

Of Falstaff: "If he had no heart he would have no power, not even to get a drink, and he had a very dangerous amount of power. I am not anxious to present Falstaff's heart as a very attractive object; you might say that it had better be called his vanity, but we are none of us sure how we would emerge from thorough analysis along those lines . . ."

Of Pericles: "In these passages I seem to get a reassuring echo of the poet Auden — a glaring eye, or I delude myself, peeps through the mask."

I think it was Dr Johnson who said if you read Richardson for the plot, you would hang yourself; and if you were to read Empson for the argument he professes to be constructing, you would need a breath analyser. It is exhilarating to meet crazy games played with fantastic seriousness (like the competitive dowsings undergraduates give each other after examinations).

The latest piece on A Midsummer Night's Dream turns on the velocity of Puck, unfortunately for the very fine Arden edition Empson is supposed to be reviewing. He is shocked by Jan Kott who thought Bottom coupled with Titania, equally with Harold Brooks who termed this "bestiality;" he thinks Bottom would have liked it very much, but jealous Oberon naturally threw him into an instant sleep in the bower, and Titania likewise.

The main thrust comes in a trilogy on Falstaff, Hamlet and Macbeth, all reviews of Dover Wilson's New Cambridge edition. Falstaff, always a favourite with Empson, suits him best since he can empathise equally with the gentlemanly old monster and with Prince Hal, both in his public school magnanimity at Shrewsbury and his chilling assessments elsewhere.

Talking to the troops in Henry V was more important than talking to the General Staff, and the prayer before Agincourt is the only religious utterance I ever remember Empson to have approved. Elsewhere, religion gets a full dressing down, in Hunt the Symbol (on the last plays) even though the unlucky critic selected "does not set out to express actual religious beliefs," but Empson scents them.

In Hamlet Empson constructs an illuminating dialogue between Shakespeare and the old play he was rebuilding, jumping in and out of playing Hamlet as well. In Using Biography (1984), his previous collection of essays, Empson said one must empathise with the author, including his assumptions and conventions; here he defends "indulgence in human interest while art-work is in process" against "the anti-humanist associates of Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Eliot etc", and therefore attacks symbolism in Shakespeare:

"My impression is that good local uses for the principle, to brush off some unduly greasy piece of habitual sentiment, were often found; but that the inhumanity and wrongheadedness of the principle was bound to shine through in the end."

This, his last word, is the key to Empson; neither his darting intelligence, his arresting irony nor his high eccentricity but his constant sense of people-in-relationship, the subject of his best poems, many of his theoretical opponents — at least *one* is always necessary — are already in The Dunciad, but their descendants live, and anyone can make the transpositions as a game.

Most of the work dates from the early 1950s, and there is some pure Empsonian nonsense, like the essay on the building of the Globe, which the now triumphant Sam Wanamaker and the designers of the Bankside Globe would find based on obsolete data. Empson could never quote accurately since he always began writing his own poem; but his editor has emended. Though he is best in short doses, and each of these firework displays is best taken by itself, collection of them was a public service, and a second volume is promised.

Bird of lost Paradise

By Tim Radford

BIRD OF LIFE, BIRD OF DEATH: A Naturalist's Journey Through a Land of Political Turmoil, by Jonathan Evan Maslow (Viking, £10.95).

THE quetzal is a beautiful iridescent bird that was sacred to the Maya nation. It is the symbol of liberty to the Guatemalans. The Order of the Quetzal is the nation's highest civic honour, the currency is named after it. It should be extinct by about 2000.

Jonathan Evan Maslow, himself that rarest of birds, a political ornithologist, already the author of The Owl Papers, set off in search of the quetzal in 1983. The first birds he saw were the zopilotes, the black vultures, scavenging in the city tip. To nourish themselves on the raw slop dumped there hourly by the garbage trucks, these birds had to compete with rats, dogs and people.

"The zopilote has a great future in our country," a small boy told him. "It eats the dead things. And here we have more and more dead things all the time." In the course of this journey the physical manifestations of a nation become increasingly intertwined with their own symbolism.

The death squads — "Never travel after dark. Always be courteous at road blocks. And never give any lip to men driving Chevvy Blazers with black glass" — are like lizards lolling on a rock, watching the insects crawl by. The Biotopo — the meagre nature reserve maintained in the hills for the quetzal to breed in — stands as an image of the Central American nightmare.

It is protected only by a man and his son. The reserve's founder is dead: gunned down by an assassin on his own university campus. The only research is being conducted by a demoralised student Peace Corps botanist with acute dysentery and even more acute despair.

And everywhere there is the army, the land mines, the arbitrary killing and torture, the war that "you can smell, and sometimes hear, but as an outsider almost never actually see in process"; the depression and hunger of the Indians; the charred stumps of the burnt and washed out hills; the closed churches, the missing priests and, bizarrely, the American evangelist "missionary" who tells Maslow "these people are really ready to commit themselves to Jesus."

He sees a quetzal, and notes its sensuality, brilliant colours, physical vitality and the legends that even now are appended to it. In a filthy cafe only lately raided by guerrillas, a kid tells him: "You know, I don't think we'll be seeing any more quetzals around here. The quetzal is the bird of freedom. But there is no freedom."

CRISPA

ACROSS

1. A quarter quarrel, being intolerant (6)
4. Figure on the second creating a disturbance (7)
9. An attractive force — naturally (9)
10. A guy acting as an intermediary (5)
11. Stop dead very satisfactorily (5)
12. An entitlement to take part (5-4)
13. Keep using dialect (7)
15. Soppy nurse occupied by eccentric (6)
17. Band about to secure a harpsichord (6)
19. A little tremor is common in the Moor (7)
22. The sap too stupid to get the medico (9)
24. Many a man on an ocean-going vessel appears game (5)
26. Weapon of the Left in general (5)
27. A term for spruce trees originally (9)
28. The unhappy state of the French couple (7)
29. Boxes, note, are in short supply (6)

DOWN

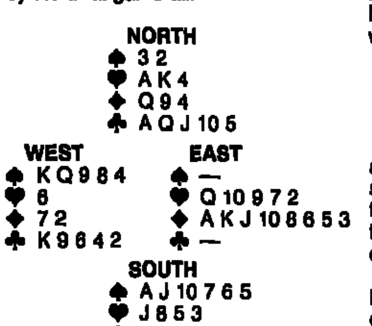
1. Vagrant given in charge after turning on maniac (7)
2. Villain making lament about upturn (5)
3. Even a lord can be too heavily burdened (9)
4. Scope for the firm with a thousand to spend (7)
5. Saw a former copper deteriorate (5)
6. Youngsters eat greens when properly prepared (9)
7. Catch mount the wrong way — it's deplorable (6)
8. Gaudy stuff can find a buyer parting with the last pound (6)
14. Court officials provide gifts for employees (9)
16. Ground peach concoction, not at all expensive (4-5)
18. Double-dealer offering characteristic alternative (7)
19. Look after the doctor with aspiration? That's soft! (6)
20. Notice to keep (7)
21. Got up and rode as ordered (6)
23. Ring through before a musical entertainment (5)
25. He's dining in a new cafe — a terrible place (5)

Bridge

By Rixi Markus©

WHEN I went to Marbella for a holiday, I tried to keep away from bridge as much as possible. But I was asked to play in a three-day pairs event at the Hotel Guadcorte, about 30 miles away. My partner was to be a Moroccan Minister, Abdel Kamal Rerhaye, and I found him to be a good player and a congenial partner.

One of the most exciting hands of the tournament was the following dealt by North at game all.



NORTH
♠ 3 2
♥ A K 4
♦ Q 9 4
♣ A Q J 10 5

WEST
♠ K Q 9 8 4
♥ 6
♦ 7 2
♣ K 9 6 4 2

EAST
♠ —
♥ Q 10 9 7 2
♦ A K J 10 8 6 5 3
♣ —

SOUTH
♠ A J 10 7 6 5
♥ J 8 5 3
♦ —
♣ 8 7 3

At our table, the bidding was over in one round:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
	Mrs Markus		Rerhaye
1C	5D(1)	5S(2)	Dble(3)
NB	NB	NB	

(1) I could not think of a better practical bid than 5D. I have learnt by experience that it does not pay to look for a heart fit on hands of this type. My partners always seem to turn up with a large number of black cards and, in any case, the hand is likely to play just as well in diamonds. Furthermore, a leap to 5D will tend to drive the opponents higher at the least excuse.

(2) As I expected, South was not prepared to give way to a pre-empt.

(3) Probably the easiest bid of the auction.

5S doubled went three down, and +800 gave us a "top" on the board.

At another table, London's Paul Fenn and Lilian Matthews held the North-South cards. The bidding there was as follows:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
M'thews		Fenn	
1NT(1)	3D	4S	Double
NB	NB	NB	

(1) Showing 16-18 points. I personally do not open 1NT when I have a small doubleton in a suit and a good five-card holding in another suit. On this occasion, however, North's choice of opening bid did not matter.

Paul Fenn played the hand beautifully in 4S doubled. He ruffed the opening diamond lead and led the eight of clubs to the nine and jack, East discarding a diamond. A second diamond ruff was followed by a second club finesse, and declarer then cashed one top heart and led the two of spades to the ten and queen. West exited with a club, and Fenn finessed dummy's queen and discarded a heart on the ace of clubs. A club ruff in the closed hand gave South his eighth trick and he now exited with a heart, forcing West to ruff and return a spade into the ace-jack tenace. That was +790 to North-South.

Another South player, Serge Ohayan of Spain, who was playing with Casian from Chile, was doubled in 3S. He played it on similar lines to Paul Fenn, and thereby scored +930 for making 3S doubled with an overtrick.

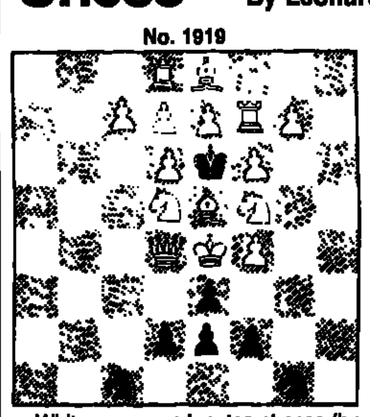
There is one more point of interest in this amazing deal. If I am allowed to play in 5D, I can only make the contract if I ruff the opening club lead and immediately play the ten of hearts. If South wins the trick, he cannot return a trump, and I can ruff two hearts in dummy, bringing down the ace and king and successfully establishing my side suit. If North wins the first heart and returns a trump, I have to finesse the jack, ruff one heart in dummy and subsequently play a small heart to bring down North's ace and restrict my losers to two heart tricks.

The Moroccan Minister and I finished in sixth place in the tournament. As we were playing together for the first time, we were pleased with our final position. Two days later, we played in a local tournament in Marbella and came first.

Chess

By Leonard Barden

No. 1919



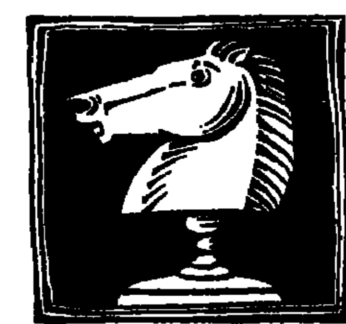
White moves and mates at once (by R. Steinweg, pre-1910). Finding the right solution will explain both the unorthodox stipulation and the problem's nickname of "The Volcano Puzzle".

Solution No. 1918:

White K at KR6, R at Q6, B at KB8, Ns at QN3 and QB3. Black K at QB5, Q at QN5, R at QR2, B at Q6, Ns at QB2 and KB8. Helpmate in two, black moves first. 1 KxN(B6) N-R1, 2 B-B5 B-N7 mate.

WHILE the eyes of the chess media were on K and K last week, England's young players quietly returned from Puerto Rico with two world championships and six gold medals. True, the Russians did not attend and the opposition was mainly from Latin America, but the powerful English squad were convincing winners and would have been medal candidates even in full strength tournaments.

In the world title contest for student teams, England recovered from an early 1-3 loss to Mexico, won their other ten matches, and took the gold medal by a wide margin: England 36½/44, Argentina 33, Austria and Mexico 29. Four individual golds also went to the talented BCF squad: IM James Howell scored 8/10, IM Stuart Conquest 7½/9, FM Peter Wells 8/9, IM John Hawksworth 8/9, with Neil McDonald 5/7 taking a bronze. Since all our players had FIDE ratings of 2400 (English grade 225) or higher, many opponents came to the board with thoroughly defeatist attitudes. In this week's game, White's strategy alternates uneasily between passive respect (3 PxP, 11 P-K3, 19 KR-Q1) and lurches of aggression (12 P-B4, 15 N-K4, 22 P-KN4, 27 P-K4, 28 P-K5) which finally decisively weaken his king position.



Sergio Bamaza (Panama) —
IM Stuart Conquest (England)
King's Indian Defence
(Puerto Rico 1986)

1	P-Q4 N-KB3	2	P-KN3 P-B4
3	PxP N-R3	4	B-N2 NxP
5	N-KB3 P-KN3	6	P-N3 B-N2
7	B-N2 O-O	8	QN-Q2 P-Q3
9	O-O B-N5	10	P-KR3 B-Q2
11	P-K3 P-QN4	12	P-B4? N-Q6
13	BxN BxB	14	N-Q4 R-B1
15	N-K4 BxN	16	PxB PxP
17	PxP N-N7	18	Q-N3 NxP
19	KR-Q1? Q-R4	20	N-B3 B-K3
21	P-Q5 B-B4	22	P-N4? N-K6!
23	PxN RxN	24	Q-N7 B-B7
25	R-K1 R-B2	26	Q-N2 KR-B1
27	P-K4? R-B6	28	P-K5 Q-B4 ch
29	K-R1 PxP	30	RxP Q-Q5!
31	Resigns		

The winning double threat is QxR or RxRP ch.